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AT LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

When at last there cometh rest,
When the day of life is o'er,
When the hands upon the breast
Shall be folded evermore,
Shall not then the care and pain,
All the sorrow, find surcease?
Shall not there a rest remain
In some quiet port of peace?

'Tis not dying that we fear.
Not the sadness or the woe,
Not the sigh, the pall, the bier,
But the *little* that we know.
All the thronging doubts that wait,
All the memories of the past,
All the shadows at the gate,
All uncertainties at last;

All the good that we have missed,
All the kindly words unsaid,
All the loving lips unkissed,
All the hungry souls unfed;
All unsheltered by our care
From the world's unpitying blast;
Every hand-to-hand prayer
Shall throng 'round us at the last.

Faces from the other side,
Voices long to us unknown,
Pain and passion, anger, pride,
Loving look and tender tone;
Dear ones that we thought were dead,
Who have only gone before,
Shall stand waiting by the bed,
Wanderers from the unknown shore.

Then at last our eyes, unbound,
With new seeing shall discern
What no human soul has found,
What no life of ours could learn—
All his dark, mysterious ways,
All the sadness of the past,
Stand in His eternal days
Plain before us at the last.

AT EVERY HAZARD;

OR,

THE BLACKWELL ENTANGLEMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

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CHAPTER X.—MISS IRENE HERNSDALE.

The day of Mr. Somerville's dinner-party now arrived, and Richard Rolliner in his buggy, on his way out, was moved to call at Miss Constance Blackwell's to inquire about what arrangements she had made for her own conveyance. He was instantly shown up, and found the young lady on the sofa in deshabille, and apparently in distress.

"I need all your compassion, Mr. Rolliner," she smiled plaintively as he took a chair near her. "I have a miserable headache. You can't imagine what I have suffered for the last two or three hours."

Mr. Rolliner's countenance and language expressed very serious concern.

"But how about our dinner-party? I came to offer my services as escort, in case you had no one. Rather late, indeed; but I supposed Mr. Folroyd would have arranged to make himself useful in that respect, and my calling was merely to make assurance doubly sure."

"Thanks: and I am so very sorry; and I *had* an engagement to go out with Mr. Folroyd, and have written him, breaking it, and of course explaining. It is really too provoking! I always enjoy myself there—at 'Heartsease,' I mean—and I have been looking forward for a whole week, with such pleasant anticipations. I might have known I should be disappointed—I am so unlucky!"

Miss Blackwell spoke pitcously, holding her smelling-salts to her nose. In her costly wrapper, extended at full length, with the points of her little slippers showing, she made a most interesting invalid.

"Your brother Dacey is going."

"Oh! is he?" she exclaimed, brightening with extraordinary suddenness, but instantly sinking back again. "How do you know?" she asked in her previously languid tone.

"I am not sure; but he is invited. The diner is expressly complimentary to you both."

"I know that, and I do hope he will go. What will it be like if he should stay away? I could never meet them again; they have been so extremely kind."

I don't believe Richard Rolliner was more prone to suspicion than other people; but somehow since the last minute the question had crossed him whether Miss Blackwell was really as ill as she professed to be. Could it be that she was shamming this headache in order to avoid going to the place where she knew she must meet her brother? Yet why should she avoid him? There would be but one reason—some mystery between the two which the rest of the world had no inkling of. The thought had occurred to him more than once lately. "Perhaps it is the fresh air, Miss Constance," suggested the visitor, "your headache would wear off. It is a thing I never have myself; but I have often heard exercise and fresh air mentioned as almost infallible remedies."

"Never had a headache! I congratulate you, Mr. Rolliner. If you had ever had one of mine you would know how utterly hopeless *all* remedies are until the disease—for a disease I maintain they are—has for the time run its course. No, I must stay at home and be miserable for the prescribed time."

"I hope you will be better very soon."

"I am always better, of course, sooner or later—but in the meanwhile, you see, I suffer annoying disappointment, and am obliged to disappoint others. At the present moment my head is splitting."

Mr. Rolliner did not prolong his visit. As he drove out, this incident furnished further food for reflection.

"I should hate to wrong any one; but I can't shut my eyes to facts," he mused. "Miss Blackwell's headache is a myth. She does not wish to meet her brother. What is the secret between them?"

When Richard Rolliner arrived, he found Mr. Somerville's guests, with the exception of the one we have noted, and another, had already assembled. Mr. Dacey Blackwell had not yet made his appearance. Rolliner, scanning the faces in the rooms, saw the very beautiful countenance of Miss Irene Hernsdale. She was seated near the window, and near her, leaning over her chair, stood young Herbert Lyndrose the artist. Rolliner smiled in his greetings, and would have crossed to pay them verbally; but he was intercepted by Mr. Folroyd. He looked anxious and vexed.

"Ho, Dick! I am glad you have come. I—I had a note from Constance; she is not well and is obliged to disappoint us."

"I know," said Rolliner; and he explained.

"So very provoking; and Dacey—he is not here, either, and it is high time," pursued the old gentleman, looking at his broad gold watch. "I conveyed Somerville's invitation, through Constance, with a few words of my own, almost peremptory, and yet I am afraid he will not turn up."

It was, as Othello says, a "lost fear." Three minutes later the door opened, and Mr. Dacey Blackwell was announced.

In spite of himself, Rolliner felt an odd kind of fluttering of the nerves at the promulgation of this arrival, and from his place at the corner of the mantelpiece he looked towards the door with a half breathless expectancy.

Dacey Blackwell appeared, in full dinner-dress, slim, elegant and handsome; and at his entrance there was an instantaneous subsidence of conversation, and all eyes were turned upon him, and for the fraction of a minute there was a sort of sensation.

He was welcomed by the master and mistress of the house and presented to the company, in American fashion; and then he and Horace Somerville chatted agreeably and in low tones, seated on the sofa.

Richard Rolliner now for the first time had a good look at this young man, for many reason of so much interest to him. There could be no mistake—it was the identical individual he had seen at the music-hall and in the gambling-saloon. Rolliner smiled.

"We shall see how he explains those rather queer circumstances."

Dacey Blackwell, as he conversed, lifted his dark eyes, over which were visible very delicately traced eyebrows, and languidly examined his companions. When he saw Irene Hernsdale his gaze ceased to rove, and rested with a sudden and very apparent interest. It was as a connoisseur in such things might see unexpectedly a very exquisite and beautiful flower.

He continued to chat, but hardly with the same animation. His glance stole nearly every minute across Mr. Somerville's shoulder and to the other side of the room, where that very striking beauty, Miss Irene, sat, conversing listlessly with Herbert Lyndrose. It looked, indeed, very much like Mr. Dacey Blackwell was smitten; a case of, if not exactly love, very decided admiration, at first sight.

Richard Rolliner saw all this, of course. It did not please him, and, perhaps, he could not have told precisely why. He resolved to speak to Miss Hernsdale without further delay. The brilliant young lady gave him a charming smile and her slim, pretty hand. She said something pleasant about being glad to see him; and as sober a fellow as Rolliner was, his heart gave a curious jump and roll, and he laughed gently, and perhaps a little shyly, as he looked down at her.

Young Herbert Lyndrose, however, did not greet him quite so cordially, but with a short "Hallos, Rolliner!" and, I dare say, execrated him inwardly for the interruption.

"So you have got back?" said Rolliner, taking the chair she indicated with her eyes. "And looking so well! The country agrees with you."

"I like it so much that it could not do otherwise," replied Miss Hernsdale. "Mr. Somerville has made a very pleasant little party, hasn't he? Wasn't that Mr. Dacey Blackwell who came in last?"

"Yes; that's he on the sofa. Your guardian has just gone over to him. Do you think he is handsome?"

"Very, but a little effeminate, I think, don't you? His sister, they say, is beautiful, and I am very anxious to meet her. I am so sorry she could not come to-day."

"So am I," said Rolliner sincerely.

"I don't know all of these people," pursued Irene, looking around the room, "and I have been asking Mr. Lyndrose to enlighten me; but I suspect he is not in an amiable mood to-day. Who, for example, is that stout old lady in black silk who is always smiling? She seems to be some relation of the Somervilles."

"She is. She is Mr. Somerville's mother-in-law, and a striking illustration of the truth of his theory that in a household where the husband wishes to have his own way about all things his mother-in-law is his best assistant. Somerville, you know, has a passion for wasting his money at amateur farming—a taste which his wife does not share. His mother-in-laws's delicate health—the old lady's health is superb in reality—forms a pretext for removing to the country. That accomplished, the rest is easy. Any idea that occurs to him he carries out by involving the old lady in the profoundest conspiracies against her daughter—always innocent, of course, but all the more deeply laid. There was as much mystery about the purchase of a flock of sheep a short time ago as about the Gunpowder Plot. Mrs. Maddox—the mother-in-law—hardly knows a lamb from a goat; but you would have supposed, from the anxiety with which Somerville sought her advice, that she was the most experienced breeder in the country."

"You should be ashamed," said Irene, laughing heartily.

"It is quite true, I assure you. Somerville is the Machiavel of the fireside—the Talleyrand of the tea-table—and more diplomatic mining and countermining goes on within this quiet country house than Bismarck ever dreamed of."

"Well, and who is that tall, dark gentleman sitting by the lady with the long chin and the great eyes. And why does she watch him so intently?"

"That is Doctor Ringdove, and the lady is his wife. He is the famous amateur tenor, and people invite his voice—'no song, no supper,' you know; and I suppose after dinner he will sing for us. They adore each other, and make love by quarrelling incessantly. She is jealous of his very shadow."

"A physicain's wife should never be jealous. I suppose he has a very large practice."

"I believe so; but I have heard that he has succeeded in curing but one pateint since he received his diploma."

"How so?"

"Well, that patient had the lockjaw and could not swllow any of the Doctor's drugs."

"Really, Mr. Rolliner, I had no idea you possessed such a gift of satire. I don't think I ought to encourage it. But now tell me who are those good-natured-looking people just opposite?"

"Colonel Powley, an ex-army-officer, and his young wife, an Irish lady, and, as you see, a very pretty one. The Colonel is devoted to her."

"So I should judge."

"Quite passionately, indeed, and he has nicknamed her 'Potatoes.'"

"Why?"

"Because she is 'Irish' and 'Sweet.'"

"I believe you are inventing all these things, Mr. Rolliner, or have saved them up to fire them off for my benefit. Now, what can you find to say amusing about that demure little lady all by herself on the ottoman?"

"Nothing at all; the subject is too solemn, Miss Irene. A young lady at her age still unmarried is an extremely serious thing."

"Mr. Rolliner is witty to-day," said Herbert Lyndrose, who had been listening to Rolliner's nonsense with a good deal of impatience, now turning with a slight sneer.

"I wish we could say the same of you, Herbert," replied Miss Hernsdale rather cruelly.

"You might, perhaps, if I had laid in a stock of witticisms before I came away from home," said Lyndrose, with a sarcastic smile; "but I don't carry my wit about with me.

"As your friends are painfully aware," retorted Rolliner, smiling also, but more amiably.

The young fellow frowned rather darkly, and, I dare say, could not see what Miss Hernsdale found to laugh at in the rejoinder, and he turned a little from her and looked sulkily out of the window.

Meanwhile Dacey Blackwell, on the other side of the room, was making himself, it seemed, particularly agreeable. Both Mrs. Maddox and Mrs. Somerville were now added to his audience, and, though he no doubt fully appreciated his good-fortune, it may be that there was another situation for which he would have exchanged without actual distress.

Richard Rolliner grew a little absent. He had something to say to Irene Hernsdale which he did not desire others to hear, and which, consequently, could not be said while Lyndrose remained within ear-shot. He had hopes that he would transfer himself to a more removed ground; but the young man stuck to his post resolutely, relying upon his right of priority, and there was nothing for it but to wait.

At this moment dinner was announced.

CHAPTER XI.—THIRTEEN TO DINNER.

The company now transferred themselves to the dining-room, Rolliner in charge of Miss Griggs, the young lady who had been cast upon the desert isolation of the ottoman. By better luck, however, he found himself next, on the other side, to Irene Hernsdale. The soup just been served when Mrs. Somerville uttered a sound very nearly approaching a shriek.

"Oh, dear! what shall we do? It is so unfortunate, and I am so frightened," she exclaimed, with genuine concern. "I never knew it to fail."

There was, of course, an immediate suspension of operations, and everyone looked up. Mr. Somerville asked for an explanation.

"Don't you see, Horace? Please count us—I think we are thirteen. I have counted twice, and it always comes out thirteen."

Two or three instantly performed the necessary sum in addition, and found that she was correct.

"It is true," said Somerville; "but I don't suppose it matters. We are not superstitious."

Old Colonel Powley and his wife, having been the last arrivals, looked at each o'her guiltily.

"Are—are we to blame?" asked the Colonel, with an embarrassed smile, pulling at his gray moustache.

"My sister is to blame, sir, I am afraid," said Dacey Blackwell promptly. "One more among us would dissolve the omen."

"Or one less," suggested Rolliner oddly.

"We can't expect anyone to retire," said Somerville, a little vexed, but smiling. "It is all nonsense; no one believes in such things nowadays. I move we go on with our soup—who seconds me?"

"Indeed, Horace, it is out of the question," pleaded his wife, who was really frightened. "No one believes in omens; but they make everyone uneasy. It has always been said that where there are thirteen at table a death among them is sure to follow within the year."

A silence followed, all our friends looking rather uncomfortable; but meanwhile the soup was cooling.

"Well, what is to be done, dear?" asked Somerville.

"I hardly know," hesitated his wife, "unless we have in old Puntles the gardener. He is a very respectable old person, and will not disturb us."

So, after a while, in came old Puntles, in a blue coat and brass buttons, rubbing his grizzled chin and smiling deferentially, and took his place at the extreme corner of the table; and now the dinner proceeded.

"Is the spell broken?" laughed Miss Griggs, who was not famous for saying apt things. "We sat down as the fatal thirteen, you know."

"Of course it is," replied Somerville briskly, darting a look at her. "It is all rubbish anyhow."

"I don't know," proceeded the young lady. "I was at a dinner-party once where there was a priest, Father Benedict—you recollect him, of course—the great preacher—and the celebrated comic actress Mrs. John Woodleigh, and a number of other distinguished people. It was the night after Christmas, and the occurrence created a great deal of talk afterwards. When we sat down we made just thirteen, and as soon as Mrs. Woodleigh discovered it she said someone was sure to die within the year; she had never known it to fail. Everybody smiled at this; but in deference to her scruples, a little child was summoned to the table in order to make the even number. Only a month or two afterwards Father Benedict died; so, you see, coming events sometimes *do* cast their shadows before."

"Egad! that was twelve years ago," said Somerville, profoundly annoyed at this maladroit anecdote, and determined not to spare its author. "*You* could not have been the little child that was called in, Miss Griggs. Ha, ha!"

Miss Griggs was, as the old novels say, ready to sink with confusion at this reference to her age, and, blushing crimson, returned to eating her soup.

"That reminds me," said Colonel Powley, who had lots of good stories and loved to tell them, "of my old friend Jack Wintergreen, one of the wittiest men I ever knew. He had a wonderful knack of saying severe things. One day at mess we had some invited fellows, and among 'em a fellow that everybody hated like poison. His name was Crawdon, and a monstrous disagreeable man. Just after we had begun dinner, Crawdon looks round and counts noses, and cries he: 'Halloo! do you know, gentlemen, we are just thirteen?' Jack Wintergreen raises his head and looks at him, and says he: 'I wish to Heaven you had made us only twelve!' We all roared, of course."

The Colonel's joke went well, and somewhat dissipated the effect of Miss Griggs' unlucky story, and Somerville smiled his gratitude beamingly; and from this point matters proceeded more merrily.

"Well," said Mr. Rolliner philosophically from his side of the table, "I suppose, in the natural order of things, in any assembly of thirteen people, or twelve people, or fourteen people, one would be likely to die in the course of the following twelve months; or, maybe, two. Statistics would bear me up in that assertion, I dare say."

"Yes, yes; I suppose so," rejoined Somerville hastily, anxious to get rid of the subject.

"And the only question that remains," remarked Herbert Lyndrose, languidly leaning back and pushing his soup a little from him, having done with it, "is, who is to draw the unlucky ticket in the present distribution?"

The observation was again unfortunate, but Lyndrose was, as we know, in bad humor, and perhaps did not care much. Who would? The conjecture was not a pleasant one, and in more than one mind a hideous drama may have rapidly unfolded itself—the death-bed, the undertaker, the screwing-down of the coffin, the yawning grave, the rattling clods, and the falling of the curtain upon the last grizzly scene of all. But so hopefully, for a wise purpose, is human nature constituted, that probably no one of this group pictured him or herself as the hero of that ghastly performance.

"*Carpe diem!*" said Col. Powley cheerfully. "Snatch the fleeting hour; and Heaven send that we all be prepared when the tremendous moment comes! Meanwhile, let us talk of something more suitable to the present agreeable occasion. I believe it's in bad taste to praise one's dinner in company; but Mrs. Somerville, madam, permit me to eulogize your soup. If I were allowed a bad pun, I'd say it was very soup-erior soup."

Miss Griggs, having subsided since that unkind reference to the flight of time, our friend Rolliner was not troubled with her conversation, and, after whispering a few words and getting only monosyllables in reply, he turned to Miss Hernsdale.

"You see," he said, in a low voice, to that beautiful young lady, "that Miss Blackwell's absence has done more harm than she probably fancied it might. You received my letter?"

"Yes; and it surprised me, and I did not quite understand it."

"What part did you find so enigmatic?"

"Those references to Miss Blackwell and my guardian. I was a little alarmed at first. You can't think that he has any idea of—of marrying her?"

"Why not?"

"Perhaps I should say that you can't think she could have any idea of marrying him."

"And why not that, either?"

"He is much too old and much too wise, I hope. They are hardly acquainted, and there is such a difference of years, and she could not pretend for a minute to care for him."

"But he is very rich; and loving money sometimes leads to a love for the possessor of it."

Irene was silent a minute, and then she said: "Do you seriously think he likes her?—you know the kind of liking I mean?"

"I do. I speak honestly. I think she has taken his fancy more than anyone he has met since he was a very young man."

The young lady heard this very gravely indeed, and gave it some reflection.

"If there's anything of the kind on foot, she is an adventuress," she returned, with hightened color. "She could not pretend to care for anything but his money."

"She might not, indeed, go quite to the length of professing to love him; but old men have certain personal attractions as well as young, and there is hardly any period at which some men are past pleasing. There have been Lotharios at seventy. Mr. Folroyd is amiable, accomplished, courtly in his manner, agreeable and chivalrous: he talks admirably sometimes, and can make himself quite fascinating. Miss Blackwell is just of the temperament to value these qualities most."

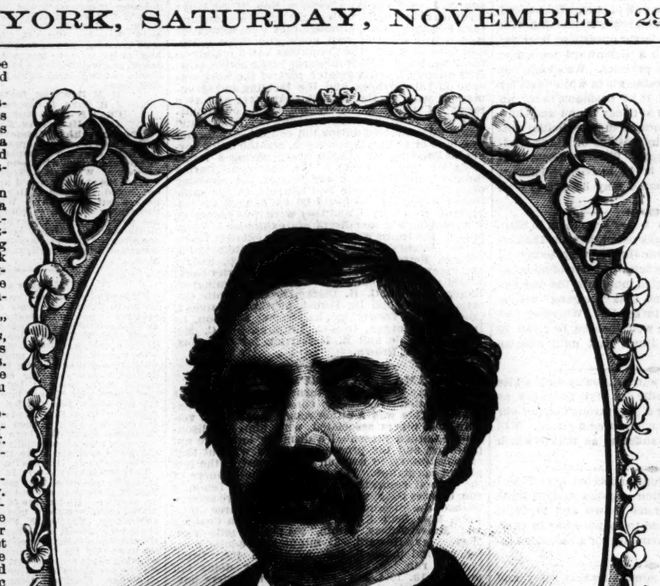
"You understand her?" said Irene, turning her large eyes upon him with interest.

He hesitated, and laughed slightly.

"I can't admit that I do—altogether; about some things she has puzzled me extremely. But she is good-looking, and pleasant and wise."

"Wise as a serpent, no doubt," said Irene disdainfully, "but not precisely as harmless as a dove."

"I don't know. Recollect that we are only discussing a remote possibility."



ROBERT E. STEVENS—BUSINESS-MANAGER.

"You don't believe it so remote, Mr. Rolliner, or you would not have taken the trouble to write me that letter advising me to come to this dinner."

"Well, I wished you to meet her and make her acquaintance, so that you might form your own conclusions. I repeated the conversation I had with your guardian one evening last week, and following upon the very handsome present he had made Miss Blackwell I thought it significant."

"They are pretty intimate for so short an acquaintance. Since my return he has paid her several visits, and little notes have been constantly passing between them, and I suspect he has taken her out riding."

"What can you do?"

"I can't do anything. My position is a difficult one. If he really wishes to marry her, or anyone, and I should object, what would people say of me? That my motive was one of self-interest. You know they would."

"Some might—those who do not know you."

"It would not be agreeable, you must admit; it is human nature to look for low motives, and I should not figure in a pretty light."

"Miss Blackwell in a much worse."

"She would not care, while I would; and I can't fancy a more unpleasant dilemma than mine. I wish I knew the real state of things. I am afraid to question my guardian, or to speak to him of Miss Blackwell at all."

"Does he never speak of her to you?"

"Yes; he constantly says he wishes me to meet her, which is a desire I second warmly, and I am the most disappointed person present today at her absence."

"I don't know," smiled Rolliner, glancing across to where Mr. Folroyd sat; "I think he is. He has talked very little, except to Mr. Dacey Blackwell, who, being her brother, has, of course, a special interest for him."

Both unesaily glanced towards Mr. Blackwell, who appeared to be making himself particularly agreeable to that pretty Mrs. Powley we have spoken of.

Here the conversation between Rolliner and Irene was suspended; for the substantials having taken the place of the fish, old Colonel Powley began in a loud voice to tell a side-splitting story of a leg of mutton he had once eaten of in Mexico.

CHAPTER XII.—AFTER DINNER.

Colonel Powley's story being a long one, and involving some circumlocution in the narration, the dinner was pretty well advanced before it came to an end. The conversation then became general, and Irene was unexpectedly involved in a dialogue with Mr. Dacey Blackwell, whose eyes had been all through the dinner straying pretty constantly in her direction. Doctor Ringdove had said something about the Italian opera and the new prima-donna, the announcement of whose appearance had already created a sensation.

"I have a friend," said Dacey Blackwell, "who knows all about her, and who assures me that there will be no disappointment, although it will take some time to become accustomed to her style. He is, I believe, a great man in the European musical world, and dabbles in musical speculations himself."

"She has a singular face," remarked Mrs. Somervile—"that is, judging from the portraits in the shop-windows."

"They are not like her. I have a photograph which is much better, and she is extremely beautiful. Everyone thinks so." He paused a moment, and then said, as if the thought had just followed and was uttered on impulse, turning his peculiar eyes upon Irene: "I think you resemble her, Miss Hernsdale;" and then he laughed gently and dropped his gaze, with a pretty affectation of embarrassment.

A slight ripple of laughter followed generally. "I beg pardon, Miss Hernsdale," he then said, raising his eyes again; "I spoke without noticing the connection. But there is really a strong likeness. You sing also, do you not?" he asked gently.

"A little."

"I hope to have the pleasure of hearing you some time. Though not much of a musician, myself, I love music. Perhaps you will favor us this evening."

"I should prefer to be heard in advance of the prima-donna, certainly," replied Irene, with a smile and a faint blush.

"You resemble the prima-donna," he continued, "and you also resemble someone else I have seen, and I can't tell where. At the moment I entered the room to day I was struck by the remarkable likeness—but to whom? I have been trying to recollect ever since."

"It was fancy, perhaps."

"I am sure not. I seem to have the solution of the mystery within reach; but somehow it still eludes me. These resemblances are very curious sometimes."

"Very," threw in Richard Rolliner. "They lead to recognitions of the oddest kind, and in the most unexpected places."

"I shall find the clue, no doubt, when I am thinking of something else," pursued Dacey Blackwell, coolly pretermitting the remark without even glancing in the direction of the speaker, "and I dare say will wonder at my present stupidity."

"You resemble your sister very much, Dacey," said Mr. Folroyd, from his end of the table.

"Not so much now, I believe, as when we were younger. But the likeness is only in the face," he laughed: "two people of temperaments more diametrically opposed could hardly be than sister Constance and myself. There is really nothing we share in common, or even agree about; and if one of us likes anything, you may be sure the other detests it."

"Jack Sprat and his wife," suggested Somerville, taking his wine hurriedly, so as to utter the remark before being anticipated.

"A great deal like Jack," assented Blackwell, with a slight laugh.

"But which of you gets the fat?" asked Rolliner.

Dacey cleared his voice, and then languidly looked across, with a finger on the stem of his champagne-glass. "I don't know; how do you mean?"

"I mean most of the good things, of course."

"Neither of us has been much troubled with good things, I must sadly confess; but my career has been one of greater vicissitude than my sister's, of course. We have both had our struggles and anxiety. They are hardly pleasant to converse about or recall. You have a charming place here, Mr. Somerville—the greatest charm of all, to my mind, the seclusion. I could fancy myself leagues from the city."

"And that, Mr. Blackwell, is my objection to the place," said Mrs. Somerville. "I should like to be nearer."

"Well, at the misfortune of disagreeing with you, I must admit that I think a suburban residence the most undesirable of all possible states of existence. It is neither town nor country, but the middle condition—the purgatory of the present life."

This subject, so fruitful of discussion was not exhausted until the dinner came to an end. Happily, we Americans have not yet generally adopted the habit of our relatives across the water of herding behind over the bottles when the ladies have retreated; and so Mr. Somerville's guests, in a sensible and sensible fashion, all returned to the parlors together.

"Now, Miss Herdsdale," said Dacey Blackwell, having glided to a seat beside her. "I think I may claim that song you promised, may I not?"

"I don't think I promised, did I?"

"I interpreted your reply favorably, I am sure?"

There was something sweet and just a little sad in his looks and voice, and a kind of respect and deference as he addressed her, that would have interested almost any young girl; and Irene, beautiful and admired as she was, could not help feeling a little fluttered as this very handsome and graceful young man thus spoke.

She saw pretty clearly—nor was it just now that she made the discovery—that Dacey Blackwell was decidedly pleased with her; even more, perhaps; and there was certainly no reason why she should feel an antipathy towards him; and it must be admitted that the young lady received the advances very good-humoredly.

"I will sing, Mr. Blackwell, but after Doctor Ringdove. He always sings first. He is a kind of amateur professional, and is accorded the right; and people of my very modest temperament are generally very glad to have someone else lead off. You have not yet recollected the name of the person whom I so much resemble?"

"No; though I have been racking my brain piteously ever since the resemblance flashed upon me. Faces have a special interest for me—some faces more than others—and I never forget one that I have seen, though nameless, localities and circumstances are less vividly retained, as in the present case. And peculiar faces—beautiful or otherwise—make their impression; sometimes pleasant, sometimes the contrary."

"And you believe in those impressions?"

"I have found them nearly always reliable; and I have been puzzled to define whether it is instinct or superstition. There are faces which haunt me, Miss Hernsdale."

"The agreeable ones, I hope."

"Not always, unfortunately; though a very beautiful countenance is the least easy to forget," he said, in a lower voice; "and you will infer from this that I am one of those who believe in love at first sight."

"You need not be ashamed of it," said Irene, laughing. "In these days, when so few believe in love at all—or in anything hardly—I think you deserve credit for holding to such an old-fashioned theory."

"There are some," he pursued in the same low and almost passionate tone, "who are so richly endowed with beauty, grace and facinating gifts of every kind that they command more than mere admiration. Ardent and enthusiastic natures like mine are instantly fired in the presence of those so exquisitely favored, and we are uneasy and impatient until we have expressed something of the enthusiasm that has been inspired."

"But is not that frenzy rather than passion, Mr. Blackwell? An emotion that is so instaneous and violent can hardly last. I should hardly like to trust such feelings, if they were my own; and to see them in another would, I am afraid, rather amuse than impress me."

Miss Hernsdale laughed so merrily that Mr. Dacey Blackwell looked the least bit disconcerted. I do not pretend to judge what he was driving at, as the expression goes, by the line of remark he had pursued, but it seems that his listener did not take him quite as much in earnest as he may have been, and he certainly looked a bit "put out."

At length, after a moment of silence, he said a shade reproachfully:

"You would never scoff at genuine emotion, I am sure, Miss Hernsdale, however absurd its form of expression might be, any more than at genuine religion. So fine a nature as yours ——"

"Really, Mr. Blackwell," she interrupted, "your metaphysics have been too deep for me from the first; and now that you are beginning to flatter, you force me to ask a change of subject. But we can't talk any more as it is, for I think Dr. Ringdove is going to sing."

Mrs. Ringdove was, in fact, already trying the accompaniment, while the Doctor, assisted by the suggestions of his friends, chose a song.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ROBERT E. STEVENS

was born in the old district of Southwark, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 18, 1837. At an early age he evinced a fondness for theatricals, and his first professional venture was the opening of the Baltimore (Md.) Museum, in copartnership with Lee Mallory, in April, 1858. During the Civil War he was an officer in the U. S. Navy. His next theatrical engagement was as agent for the late Laura Keene when she managed a circuit of theatres between Richmond, Va., and Montgomery, Ala., in the season of 1870-1. In February, 1871, he became business-manager of Lina Edwin's Theatre, in this city, which he left to accept a similar position with Furbish's Fifth-avenue Combination, which he held for five consecutive seasons. In 1876 he managed a circuit in the West and South, and the following year he took the business control of Dion Boucicault's theatrical enterprises, devoting most of his time, however, to "The Shaughraun" Combination with which he traveled. In 1878-9 he piloted Abbey & Schoeffel's traveling company (of which Lotta was the star) through the country. He is now traveling with Miss Fanny Davenport's Combination.

PROF. JOHN FISKE, in his notable lectures on America, awards Leif Eric the credit of being the first European to visit the North American continent (A. D. 1000), and Snorro Lerna the honor of being the first white child born on American soil (A. D. 1007). It is worth remembering that from this Snorro were descended many famous Northmen. Of his line were the famous antiquarian Magnusson, and the sculptor Thorvaldsen. The maps depicting these discoveries were current in the middle ages, but they were very incorrect. Greenland was supposed to be a part of Europe and the American coast likewise. Some even put down Finland as joining Africa.

HIS PRETTIEST TRICK:

Relating How the Great Alaska Wizard Displayed His Skill at a Thanksgiving-dinner.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

I.
It was the Widow Skinner's
Professional boarding-house,
Where the customary dinners
Were not of quail or grouse;
But the table it was home-like,
As the widow used to say,
With oyster-soup and turkey
On each Thanksgiving day.

II.
Now, Mrs. Skinner's boarders
Were an interesting group;
They belonged, without exception,
To some variety troupe,
And every one among them
Was a bright particular star
(The only thing about the place
That was particular).
There was charming Maud Da Spooner,
Who sang serio-comic songs;
And her husband, Herr Von Schooner,
Who handled red-hot tongs;
And the famous Duster Brothers,
Of song-and-dance renown,
And the champion lady-jugrist,
Who had paralyzed the town.
There was also Little Tulip,
Who was often seized by the S.
For the P. of C. to Children,
And thus advertised for less
Than the cost of colored posters—
And Little Tulip's mar,
And the rent who could stand with composure
On his head on a raspberry jar;
The lady-trapeze performer
(Who severed the net of the law),
A brace of Egyptian jugglers,
And the man with the iron jaw—
All these at the widow's table,
A hearty and hungry group,
Sat down, on a certain Thanksgiving,
To turkey and oyster-soup.

III.
Well had it been for these boarders,
All so hungry and hearty,
If the Great Alaska Wizard
Had not been one of the party!

IV.
The Great Alaska Wizard,
On the night before, had applied
Or board to the Widow Skinner,
Who took him in with pride.
For, albeit a trifle shabby
The broadcloth suit he wore,
The widow declared she had never
Met a nicer man before,
And that was the general verdict.
When the Wizard was ushered in;
There was nothing wrong about him
Except he was very thin—
As void of solid substance
As cast-off barrel-hoops,
As thin as one of the widow's
Original oyster-soups.

V.
Now, gathered about the table,
All so hungry and hearty,
With appetites thoroughly able,
Behold that professional party,
And behold, likewise, the turkey,
Cooked to a beautiful tan,
Immense in his outward proportions
And built on the boarding-house plan.
Cranberry-sauce and turnips,
And celery sat in state,
And oyster-soup in abundance,
With one oyster allowed to a plate.
Well had it been with the others,
All so hungry and hearty,
If the Great Alaska Wizard
Had not been one of the party!
For he sat at the head of the table,
And smiled on the Tulip kid,
And kindly offered to show her
The prettiest trick he did.
"I'll do it now," he continued,
As he lightly rose from his chair—
"That is, if the company's willing,
And our landlady doesn't care.
It is really a neat illusion,
And will give you an appetite rare."
So, before the soup had been tasted,
Or the turkey had lost a stick,
The artists decided to witness
The Professor's prettiest trick.

VI.
Better it were if those boarders,
Who told him to go ahead,
Had tied to their necks that turkey
And jumped in the soup instead.

VII.
"You see," said the suave Professor,
"I take this soup-tureen—
It is free from all deception,
And one you have often seen—
I take it and show you the contents,
Prepared, as you know, for us,
And then, without deception,
I proceed to dispose of it—thus!"
In amazement dumb the boarders
Saw the Wizard turn the tureen,
And when it came down not an oyster,
Not a teaspoon of soup, could be seen!
Aghast looked all the artists,
And so did Mrs. Skinner,
But the Wizard smiled and only
Looked a little thinner.

VIII.
"Now, then," he resumed, as he finished
The wiping off of his chin,
"I show you this roasted turkey—
We all of us saw him brought in,
And know he is free from deception;
Now, without any fuss or fuss,
But neatly, and so you can see me,
I proceed to dispose of him—thus!"
With interest really painful
They watched him devour the bird,
And not even phenomenal Tulip
Found courage to utter a word.
And indeed it was painful—'twas awful
The way that fowl disappeared;
In less than three minutes no morsel
Of meat to the bones adhered!

IX
"It's simple—perfectly simple,"
Remarked the remarkable Wizard,
As he followed the second dramatick
With the last of the stuffing and gizzard.
"There's no deception about it—
I'll do my best to be quick—
There, now, you see he is finished—
It's really a beautiful trick!
Merely a neat illusion—
Although, upon my word,
If you weren't professional people,
You might think I had *eaten* the bird!
I now put the cover over
This tureen, which is empty, you know,
While the bones of this excellent turkey
I wrap in this napkin—so.
I'll now step up to the parlor,
Stamp once, and say 'Presto, be quick!'
And restore the soup and the turkey—
It's really my prettiest trick!"

X
Lightly, full lightly he glided
From the basement dining room,
But the stars he left behind him
Were wrapped in Egypt's gloom.
There came no stamp from the parlor
There came no "Presto, quick!"—
The Great Alaska Wizard
Had finished his prettiest trick!

RECOLLECTIONS and REFLECTIONS OF A RETIRED GYMNAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

"Out of the business now," said the speaker, "although I have turned my hand to almost every branch of it in my time."

A wicked press-agent, one Harry Cordova, who had come from the malarial plague-spot of Missouri, crippled up like a scarred veteran at the end of a war-campaign, made a casual allusion to 1492, a date well recollected in connection with the history of this country. Frank Donaldson made a good-natured retort about "the natural effect of bile and circus-bill writing," and then went on:

"I've got a record in the circus business that I am not ashamed of, and I have been a good deal in pantomime and burnt cork, and my wife was one of the first, if not the very first, to give a dramatic performance in Texas. I will tell you all about it some time.

"What is the business coming to?" asked the ancient gymnast, just as the critic of to-day prates of the "decline of the drama."

No one seemed ready with a satisfactory answer to the conundrum, whereupon he renewed:

"The big fish have eaten up the little ones, and the public are no longer satisfied unless they can see acres of canoes and a procession a mile long. The tent-shows have grown in size, but the performer has been ignored. Performers! Are you going to have any more—any more American performers?"

Charley Noyes, forgetting for the moment the twinges of his rheumatism, exclaimed:

"Yes, with your meddlesome Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Chidren," so called. Ask my apprentices to-day if they do not thank me ten thousand times for teaching them the business. Ask Woods Cook which he had rather do—measure tape at ten dollars a week behind a drygoods counter, or somersault on the back of a horse, as he does, at one hundred?"

The profoundness of Mr. Noyes' argument was substantiated by the old-time gymnast, who brushed the somewhat disturbed nap of his tile and waxed eloquent:

"Look at the Robinsons, the Melvilles, Stickneys and Carrolls. The idea that Robert Stickney cannot teach his own son the calling his father taught him! Many's the man who envies Bob his two hundred dollars or more a week and a fat bank-account in Cincinnati. If there had existed such a society in Bob Stickney's boyhood, Sir Robert might to-day be engaged in the lowest but humble vocation of opening oysters or sawing wood. Why don't the Society expend its energies in putting shoes on barefooted newsboys, and line their little stomachs with warm meals, instead of making raids that give them a little notoriety in the newspapers?"

"Speaking about 1492, there's plenty of old-timers yet living that could spin some very interesting yarns. Such men as "Old" John Robinson, Doctor Spaulding, Rogers, Levi North, Lent, Dan Gardner and Barney Carroll. They could tell you some mighty interesting facts in regard to ring performances in America; for while the stage and minstrelsy have their historians, but very little has ever been done in the way of chronicling the rise and progress of arenic amusements on this continent, although on the other side of the pond they have got it down as fine as silk, from Astley up to Hengler and Sanger."

At the earnest solicitation of a number of circus-folk present, Mr. Donaldson turned back in memory the pages of his life-book; and, while all listened with great interest, said:

"The first circus I ever saw was in 1838. It was Rockwell's company, and I became enamored with the business, and from that moment my highest ambition was to become a circus-performer—a desire I was not able to gratify until 1843, when I met Aaron Turner at Cherryville, Pennsylvania, and entered his employ as a posturer at twelve dollars a week. I well recollect giving him a sample of my abilities in a barn. Jim Myers, who is now a successful manager abroad, Mike Lipman, still living in Cincinnati, and Tom Withe were apprentices with the show; Tim Turner was riding a principal act; Nat Turner, four horses; and Jim Myers was doing the slack-rope and just beginning to play clown. It was about a forty-horse show, and our menagerie consisted of one elephant and something like six cages of animals. The prices of admission were twenty-five and twelve and a half cents, and the canvas a one-hundred-foot round-top. Some side-shows, as well as dressing-rooms, are quite that size nowadays. Hotel rates were thirty-seven and a half cents a day, and it was no uncommon thing to see liquors placed upon the table free of charge, and the performers, upon leaving the dinner-

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

E. S. E., Trenton.—You seem to be unaware that there is such a thing as "newspaper English." It is very often as much a study to write as well as to understand English, but it is seldom wholly unattended with results in the hurry and worry and worry peculiar to the work of a newspaper that would be alive. The most that such a newspaper can hope for is that it shall be understood. A newspaper can hope to write "this sometimes sounds awkwardly." If not likely that in Short cases you have ever been worried your meaning, spite of all your leisure and care. We would not permit "a whole teacher's institute" to appear in our columns, if we undertook to alter it, unless we felt certain that in Trenton there may be what are called half or three-quarter teachers; and unless we left certain that you referred to the manner of the sound, we should lop off the last syllable of your "awkwardly"—or, as you have recommended to us, we might recommend to you that you recast the sentence so as to make it "this has sometimes an awkward sound."

AMERICUS.—"A, B, C, D, E, and F are playing draw poker, table-stakes. A is the dealer, deals five cards all around; B is the ante-man; C, D, E and F come in. C raises before the draw, E and F standing the raise. Each draws a card, and, before betting, E asks the dealer (A) how many cards he drew, and he said "Two." E then bets; F passes out, and A raises, when E calls, and A shows down a flush, which he acknowledged he held pat. E claims the money he put in after the draw. Is he right, and what disposition is made of the pot? A bet is pending on your decision."..... 1. If E asked the question after he had looked at the card he drew, the dealer is entitled to the pot, as it was his privilege in that case to make any answer or none at all. If E asked before he raised his complete hand, then he is entitled to what he claims; and we should have awarded him more, had he claimed it. 2. Only A and E had any interest in the pot.

WACKFORD SQUIERS, Auburn.—Under the ordinary provisions as to this game, high, low and jack should have precedence over the game-point; but here you have gone to work and made a special agreement, which leads to needless wrangling that should have been provided for at the same time that the agreement was entered into which caused the dispute. There is very little sense in an agreement that forbids a player who gets in the ten-hole from saying out on any point but game, and then not letting him count that point until everything else has been counted. Either there should be no such agreement or game should be counted as soon as made by the man in the ten-hole. But no provision to the contrary having been made, B in this case cannot count game until after A has reckoned his high and jack.

C. L. K., Toledo.—A wins, according to the agreement, which called for a "majority over Foster or Platt." Thus the meaning of the word "majority" was defined. As between Foster and Ewing the vote for the latter was 76, between Foster and Platt the vote for Ewing could not be counted. The agreement does not at all reflect what you say A and B believed to be approximately true drew up by; but it is the agreement that must govern. Previous conversation is of no weight unless to explain an agreement when the terms of the latter are vague. In this case the agreement is so plain that there cannot be any doubt about it, unless A is willing to admit that it fails to represent what he really intended to bet.

F. W. M., New Rochelle.—He did not. The parties to whom you refer are very much mistaken. If there was such a cause as that in the conditions, the starters would be "too numerous to mention." 2. Not that we know of.

S. S., Long Norley, alias George Hall, fought Millwood, Scholes, Lacquey, Rooke (twice), Grady, Jordan, Berry (twice), Gill (twice), Massey, Enoch Horridge, Billy Hall and Dick Sadgrove, who has since served out a term of four years' imprisonment for the crime. 2. Most people here pronounce it Rowell, with the o as in shad-roe. We do not know how he himself pronounces it.

J. SMITH, New Haven.—1. We cannot inform you where you can obtain those pictures. As you do not reside far from the metropolis, perhaps you could spare the time necessary to visit those "old saloons" in search of them. 2. No record of heaviest ball held in that way.

H. M., Harris.—A man born in Canada is an American in one sense, but it is a somewhat restricted sense. Natives of the United States are not the only born Americans, by any means, although for the sake of simplicity they are so spoken of by other nationalities.

A. C. S. AND B. R. R., St. Louis.—B should pay for the six glasses of lemonade. Having lost two glasses more than he won by or for the two glasses drunk by the latter; and of course he has to pay for those he himself drank, whether the number is one or forty.

H. W.—We cannot undertake to tell you which person it was who first *attempted* to discover America. According to Richard Proctor, the attempt might have been made nearly 50,000,000 years ago. Let every man read history for himself, and believe as much of it as he can.

C. W. MCK., Ramsey.—1. The curve is caused by the pitcher's giving the ball a rotary motion with his wrist. 2. Murphy had records before the O'Leary match. 3. See answers in dramatic columns, and hereafter please avoid using questions as to dates in this instance.

DRUM MAJOR, Wilkesbarre.—If you were playing pedro, B would be out; but you were really playing sancho-pedro, and sancho counts before pedro. The only object in playing such a game is high, low, jack, game, sancho, and pedro, no matter when made.

LITTLE.—Having said "You win" when B showed his three sevens, A resigned all claim to the pot. He could not give two decisions as to the value of B's hand. Had he given no decision at all, he could have claimed the right to draw cards.

AMATEUR.—A carom game of billiards is one in which caroms alone are made. The pocketing of object balls is not count. The other game is known as "pocket billiards."

J. FITZPATRICK.—We are not aware that any actual foul occurred in the contest such as you describe. It was a short distance of the finish. Both men claimed to have won by a few feet, but the referee declared it a dead heat.

CUE.—Our reluctance to recount such a foul as one lone hand at a time. The reason is that a player is given four points for making five ticks, not against one player and five cards, but against two players and ten hands.

C. S. D., Lewiston.—According to the published official score, the actual distance covered by George Hazael in 36 hours, in the six-day go-as-you-please race in London, Eng., in April last, was 176 miles 308 yards.

E. S. W., Perry.—Several persons claim to have accomplished the feat of devouring one dozen of eggs per day for consecutive days, among them Col. Thornton of Atlanta, Ga.

A. GOYSEN, Galveston.—Blower Brown has the best record, 1,000 miles consecutive hours, go-as-you-please, viz., 330 miles 1,540 yards. It was done in London, Eng., in June last.

E. A. W., Taunton.—1. The bet is a draw. The time made was not in a race between Hanlan and Courtney. 2. First call, first out. There is no precedence in cassino as to points.

R. C.—You can "melt" twice by calling the lesser number first. This is at pinnochle proper, which is played with cards 9s, the highest melt being 150. Pinnochle with two or three packs is played in all sorts of ways.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—If the receiver raised or logged on the laces of his cards before he announced that he had six, his hand is dead, and he must lay it down. Otherwise, it is a misdeal.

NO SIGNATURE.—A wins the pot. When the game is played properly there is no necessity for the discarder to show the cards he puts out. The discard pile will show that, if need there should be any dispute.

H. C. R., Chicago.—He can call upon everyone who has played to draw his card. This is not the same thing as asking whose trick it is, but it amounts to the same thing in the end.

J. L. H.—Answer was promptly made that it is our rule not to decide bets on questions sent until the official canvas had been made. You are welcome to our mere belief, which is that Horace Lewis did not withdraw.

J. T., Albany.—It was not for the championship, and we do not think there was any money upon the stakes. A purse of $6,000 was subscribed by the citizens of Montreal, Canada.

OLD READER.—The last fight for the championship of America was won by Johnny Dwyer, who afterwards forfeited the title by refusing to accept a challenge from Paddy Ryan.

E. J. R., Elgin.—The man who bet that the Oneidas would win is entitled to the money. There were no grounds for any appeal from the referee's decision, nor do we know of anybody to whom the Elmiras could appeal.

NAT. F. K., Chapman's.—First base is generally considered to be a more difficult position than right field to play properly.

AUTHOR, Danville.—You can procure a copyright by sending a printed copy of the title page and $1 to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

O. J., Utah.—Please get an English writing friend to put your question in proper shape. We can make nothing of it.

W. H. MCC., Utica.—1. A loser. 2. Sporting authorities hold that a "mud drift" means that, and not a plurality, unless it is otherwise stipulated in the bet.

W. C. K., Worcester.—The first was not a five-cent piece, the tinfoil having rendered it worthless as a circulating medium to the time being.

NEW DEALER, Boston.—There used to be, notably *The See* of Philadelphia; but we cannot remember that there is any now.

DANIEL, Pawtucket.—State exactly what you bet, and what the other party bet, and then we shall give a decision.

F. J. R., Omaha.—John Deery is in this city. A letter in our care will doubtless be called for. No answers by mail.

A. J., Pittsburg.—The dealer at euchre must serve cards to all alike. He cannot give two to one man and three to the next.

L. K., Lisle, Neb.—The Mutuals never were champions of the United States, although they claimed that title at one time.

J. A. M.—"The true-born American" is one born here of parents who are also natives. This has always been the popular acceptation of that phrase.

R. K., Pittsburg.—The electoral vote of this State, cast on Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency of the United States, was 35.

M. M., Chicago.—Cant McGown, Mattie Howard, Lady Alton, trustee, and John Stewart have all matched twenty miles inside of an hour.

J. F. B., Malden.—Thank you. We shall pathetically await its return, and then confront him with the evidence submitted.

W. W., Brooklyn.—The estimated population of the world in 1878 was 1,439,289,000. China is set down for 436,000,000.

JOSIAH BURROWS.—Out of print.

A. C.—At poker a player can miscall his own hand with impunity. After having called two-pair, B could show three-of a kind and win.

A. G., Galveston.—"The Life of the Hon. William F. Cody" (Buffalo Bill") is published by F. E. Bliss, Hartford, Ct. Do not know the price.

J. Greenville.—You can get the states of Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street, New York, and the other goods of almost any of the leading dealers in firearms.

F. H. F., Washington.—Having made the three he gave C a pass out on his high and low, which count before B's jack.

E. H. B., Rockford.—4. We cannot undertake to value them. 5. The likeliest way to dispose of them would be to advertise them for sale.

S. LONGBRIDGE, Selma.—Hanlan refused to row over, and Riley was awarded first money after going over the course.

J. K. P., Philadelphia.—One million trade-dollars would weigh 77,916½ Sov. troy, or a good deal over twenty tons in avoirdupois weight.

S. B. C., St. Thomas.—*The* (London) *Sporting Life's* report of the race between Hanlan and Elliott says that Hanlan won by eight lengths.

BRADDOCK.—The fastest 100yds. record in this country is 10 seconds.

J. F. O'N., Scranton.—There can be no blind after cards are dealt, unless with the consent of all parties.

GALATEA, Toronto.—Apply to the U. S. Pension Office, Washington, D. C.

H. F.—The "widow" must be turned, and all the players but the dealer are entitled to draw one card from it.

O. R. B., Newark.—The advertisement will cost $10.80, cash in advance.

J. MACK, Newark.—Deerfoot ran twelve miles in 1h. 2m. 21½s.

A. HULL.—6m. 22s., by W. P. Perkins, is the best time on record for a one-mile walk.

SUBSCRIBER, Girardville.—Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards fought three times.

A SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—We cannot decide as to the nationality of that detective.

DECLINED.—"Jilted." "Amos Green's Party." "Sing Susannah," "My Wife's a Walker."

J. A. H., Red Wing.—The three aces stand, but the last throw is foul, and is to be repeated.

TOMEY AND JIMMY, Providence.—You are both right. The boundary line runs through the cemetery.

JOHN T. S., St. Joseph.—Thank you, but we do not need a correspondent there.

W. U.—A "skunk" at euchre counts no more than winning by one point would.

J. C. P., Jr.—Spoonsman should be the bride's escort, and the lady's father should give her away.

W. J. S., Springfield, Mass.—Meyerle's portrait appeared in THE CLIPPER dated June 21, 1879.

T. MCCARTY, Toronto.—The contestants walked twelve hours per day for six days.

PHILADELPHIA CLUB.—In 5, 7, 6, 7, there is no run for the last 7.

CARD-PLAYERS, Philadelphia.—D could either play suit or undertrump C.

READKE.—In 3, 4, 2, 3, there is a run for the players of the 2 and the last 3.

A. B., Newark.—We are not in possession of particulars.

CHATAUQUA.—They are the one thing, we believe.

T. C., Derry.—The euchre put both players out.

A. C., Baltimore.—Await the official canvas.

WHY WE ARE THANKFUL.

It may be a debatable question whether a man has greater cause for thanksgiving in November than in May, or whether a devoutly thankful spirit is really generated by eating an unusually big dinner. However, it is pretty evident that most of us are apt to take a broader and more philanthropic view of life after roast turkey and Burgundy than when our stomachs are empty. For this reason, perhaps, it is well that the one day set apart for special thanksgiving should come at a season of the year when the appetite is sharpened by the keen air of November, and when the markets are filled with all manner of good things. It is a fact, which all travelers with sound intellects and digestive organs are coming to admit, that Americans, and more particularly the fortunate residents of this fair city of New York, live better than any other people in the world. The English epicure buys our beef, and confesses it superior to his own. The American oyster knows no rival—the one champion of the world whose title is not questioned. Everything eatable is to be had in our city markets, and we have grown so largely cosmopolitan as to have caught the trick of cooking all dishes in one kitchen, while still preserving to each its native flavor. So, if the degree of our gratitude is to be measured by the excellence of our Thanksgiving dinners, we shall be a very thankful people indeed.

There are some things for which the country, as a whole, ought to return thanks devoutly this year. We seem, at last, to have got a grip on the long-predicted "good times." Labor is picking up, stretching its stiffened joints, and preparing once more to take a hack at Capital. Abundant harvests have rewarded the horny-handed son of soil, while the hornier-headed cattle of the West have fattened themselves for the slaughter-house with remarkable unanimity. The comparative failure of the crops in England opens up a steady market for all the grain we can spare. Everybody is looking around to buy a corner building-lot for two hundred and fifty dollars which he can sell for twenty-five hundred dollars a year or two hence. Four per cents. are in no sense so popular as they were before. It will take a twelve-per-center to hold the market pretty soon. Excepting in ill-starred Memphis, the land has been free from pestilence or plague. There has been no war, and consequently there have been no drafts. On every side—and especially on the outside, page eight, and inside, page seven, of THE CLIPPER—it is apparent that industry is reviving, and that the sun of prosperity is rising with the certainty, if not the rapidity, of the old-fashioned panorama orb. For these things, we repeat, the American people ought to be collectively and individually thankful—and we have no doubt they are. Thankful, too, should be our friends of the amusement world; for whatever tends to add to the material prosperity of the country tends also to add to the profession's chances of fame and fortune. Possibly the ambitious but underpaid super may not be able, on the moment, to trace any very immediate connection between the ruling price of wheat and his weekly salary; but if he will spend a little time in reflection he will see that if the farmer had not had the wheat to sell he could not have bought his wife a new gown—if the tradesman had not sold the gown, he could not have laid in a new stock of Winter goods—if the Winter goods had found no market, the mill that made them could not have raised the wages of its operatives—if the operatives' wages had not been raised, they could not have bought tickets to hear the super say: "My lord, the elevated railroad-car waits!"—and without the sale of these tickets the manager could not have increased the super's salary. So let the super be thankful and brace up on wheat, which is better than bracing up on rye—or Bourbon.

Apart from these blessings, for which we are all supposed to be equally thankful, there are some things which should excite the special gratitude of THE CLIPPER'S admiring constituents. We feel, for example, devoutly thankful that the past year has brought us three hundred and sixty-five days nearer to the end of "Pinafore." And this is not said with any ill-feeling towards our present distinguished visitors Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, who, although responsible for first trying "Pinafore" on the public, had not, we feel convinced, the remotest idea that it would prove such an unprecedented fit. We feel thankful that Mr. Weston made a record of five hundred and fifty miles in six days, and even more thankful that he made it in London. If the feat had been accomplished here, some of those skeptical foreigners might have doubted its genuineness. We feel thankful that the last international go-as-you-please contest took place in this city, because that gives some people reason to hope that the next one will take place some, where else. We feel thankful that there isn't another general election until next November. We feel thankful that Courtney could see his way clear to deny that he was "seen" before his boats were sawed—and we have a few undersized thanks which we cheerfully throw in because the saw's teeth were not deeply damaged. We are thankful that Mr. Dana has become the owner of Keene Jim, although we cannot be expected to admit that any contemporary's Jim is as keen as "our Jim." We are thankful that "our Grandfather's Clock" has stopped short. We are thankful that Mr. Talmage went to Europe, and we shall be thankful to have him go again. We are thankful that St. Julien has reduced the trotting record to 2:12¾, and, in the magnanimity of our soul, we are even thankful that this remarkable performance took place in California. Here, where we have horses that can make their mile in 2:10 if they want to, the time would not seem wonderful; but it's a great thing for California. We are thankful that the English professional cricketers succeeded in beating our American amateurs. Had the result been different, it would doubtless have discouraged the Englishmen so that any future contest which shall assume the character of a really international struggle would have been out of the question. We are thankful that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children still devotes itself to the worthy task of gratuitously advertising phenomenal artists, in and out of the profession. We are thankful that those who put their faith in Providence were not disappointed with regard to the League baseball championship. We are thankful that the year has not been permitted to pass without an occasional revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and that, from all present appearances, the cabin is still in a sound and healthy condition. We are thankful that Col. Mapleson is strong in the belief that his present Italian opera troupe is the best ever seen in this country. All impartial critics will unhesitatingly accept the disinterested opinion of the Colonel, and thus an unbiased and unanimous judgment will be reached.

These things, and many others which might be enumerated, seem to us to call for special thanksgiving on the part of THE CLIPPER'S regular readers. But, jesting aside, the present outlook is unquestionably more cheering than at any other time since the bursting of the bubble in 1873. Our friends of the amusement world have good reason to be thankful this year. National prosperity will inevitably lead the people to seek again that recreation which hard times compelled them to forego. So, to compensate for the extra matinee which thanksgiving is apt to bring, the actor may indulge over his turkey in fair visions of fame and fortune awaiting him in the future. May neither these nor the turkey disappoint him.

HOTEL-KEEPERS at Long Branch and Cape May complain bitterly of dull times. What do they want? Surely they cannot expect people to enjoy themselves in the surf at this time of year!

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALLEN, Rev. Dr. Ethan—One of the oldest Episcopal ministers in the United States. He was officially known as the historiographer of Maryland, and was the author of several theological works—Newport, Ky., Nov. 18, aged 84.

ANDREWS, Lymon—One of the oldest settlers of Columbus, O.—there, Nov. 17, aged 86.

BARNES, Joseph—Author of *The St. Joseph Gazette*—St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 17, aged 68.

BEEDE, Josiah—A soldier of 1812—Sandwich, Vt., Nov. 16, aged 94.

BRETT, Martin Wiltsee—An old merchant of this city, and a veteran of the War of 1812—here, Nov. 22, aged 91.

BROWN, Mrs. Catherine—Baltimore, Md., for the past twelve years—that city, Nov. 23, aged 70.

BARTON, Major general Charles J.—Formerly a distinguished officer of the British army—Norfolk, Va., Nov. 20, aged 53.

CRUGER, John Church—A wealthy resident of this city. His family is one of the most prominent in metropolitan members, both name of John Cruger, having filled the office of Mayor of New York in the early days of its history—here, Nov. 17, aged 72.

CAMPELLA, John—An ex-member of the Arkansas Senate—Searcy County, Ark., Nov. 19.

COXE, Charles S.—The senior member of the Philadelphia bar, and a well-known antiquarian. He was a nephew of Tench Coxe, who was a member of Congress in 1788, and Assistant-secretary of the Treasury in 1790—Drifton, Pa., Nov. 19, aged 90.

CARPENTER, Rev. L. B.—A minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 20.

COURTHURST, Wm.—An old resident of Tiffin, O.—there, Nov. 18.

CLOAK, Rev. George W.—A young clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was a native of Philadelphia, Pa., and recently went to Europe with the intention of further prosecuting his studies—Bonn, Germany, Nov. 3, aged 24.

COBLEIGH, A. M.—A well-known resident of Buffalo, N. Y., where he had taught dancing for over a quarter of a century—that city, Nov. 21, aged 68.

CLAUSEN, Jacob—A well-known resident of Philadelphia, Pa., where he was for many years in the drygoods business. He was a prominent temperance advocate—there, Nov. 19, aged 70.

DELANE, John T.—Editor of *The London Times* from 1841 until a few years ago, when he was retired at his own request, but with full retiring salary, and with a very liberal pension—London, Eng., cable dispatch dated Nov. 24, aged 62.

DICKENS, Mrs. Catherine Hogarth—The widow of Charles Dickens the novelist. She was a daughter of the late George Hogarth, who was an early associate of Charles Dickens on the staff of *The London Morning Chronicle*. She died, April 16, 186, three days after the appearance of the first number of "The Pickwick Papers"—London, Eng., Nov. 22, aged 65.

GOENS, Joseph—Of this city, where he had been married five times, and left forty-five children—Ironton, O., Nov. 21, aged 107.

GARFIELD, George—One of the oldest residents of Buffalo, N. Y.—there, Nov. 20, aged 95.

GRUBER, H. S.—A well-known temperance advocate and resident of Battle Ground, Ind.—there, Nov. 19, aged 52.

GORDON, Charles J.—A prominent resident of Burlington County, N. J.—there, Nov. 20, aged 64. He was in the State Assembly in 1875—Bordentown, N. J., Nov. 24.

GOELET, Peter—One of the wealthiest residents of this city—here, Nov. 23, aged 80.

HICKEY, John A.—A leading druggist of Buffalo, N. Y.—there, Nov. 21.

HEBER, Dr. Maximilian Von—For many years a staff-surgeon in the Russian Army. He was the youngest brother and biographer of the poet Heinrich Heine—Berlin, Prussia, Nov. 6, aged 72.

HICKS, Smith—An old and esteemed citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. In early life he was a prominent politician of this city—Brooklyn, Nov. 24, aged 76.

HOMEYARD, Dr. John C.—Formerly well known in this city as a physician. He had retired from active practice some years before—New Brighton, S. I., Nov. 20.

KIRKPATRICK, Dona Maria Manuela—Countess de Montijo and mother of Eugenie, the ex-Empress of France—Madrid, Spain, Nov. 22.

LEE, John A.—Late Treasurer of Mansfield, O., and for many years a prominent citizen of that place—Mansfield, Nov. 18, aged 64.

MCPHERSON, Dr. William Smith—A prominent physician of Baltimore, Md.—there, Nov. 20, aged 58.

MCCABE, Mary—A centenarian—this city, Nov. 23, aged 101.

MCNAIR, Joseph—A centenarian—Huntingdon, Canada, recently, aged 108.

MCKENNA, James—A well-known retired merchant of this city—here, Nov. 21, aged 81.

NOEL, Jules—A noted French painter—Paris, France, cable-dispatch dated Nov. 24, aged 61.

SMITH, William H.—A well-known citizen of Buffalo, N. Y.—there, Nov. 17, aged 47.

SHY, Jacob—A trainer and owner of race-horses for over fifty years—Lexington, Ky., Nov. 19, aged 91.

SCHAEFER, Rev. Dr. C. F.—A prominent divine of the Lutheran Church. He was for a number of years Professor of Theology in the College at Columbus, O., and for nearly nine years held a similar position in a seminary at Gettysburg, Pa. When the Lutheran seminary was established in Philadelphia, in 1864, Dr. Schaeser became senior professor and chairman of the faculty—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 23, aged 73.

STARR, William Oscar—A well known resident of this city. He was in the gun manufacturing business, and supplied the Union army with arms during the late Rebellion. At the close of the war he bought heavily of the surplus ordnance of the Government, and sold it to the French—here recently, aged 71.

TUTHILL, John L.—A well-known journalist—Galveston, Texas, recently, aged 62

WERDER, John Frederick Von—A veteran soldier, and one of Napoleon's Old Guard. Three of his sons served and fell in the late war—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 16, aged 90.

WRIGHT, Dr. Emma Scott—One of the founders of the New York Home pathic Dispensary for Women and Children, and also connected with a number of other charitable enterprises—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 17, aged 31.

WATERMAN, J. L.—Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Virginia—Petersburg, Va., Nov. 20.

WOOD, John—An influential citizen and a leading shipbuilder of Wilmington, Del.—there, Nov. 21.

WALTER, Philip C.—A well-known resident of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Nov. 18, aged 71.

WEBBS, Dr. Thomas—A prominent physician who had practiced for many years in Louisville, Ky. He was the son of Dr. John Weems, who attended General George Washington as consulting physician during his last illness—Louisville, Nov. 22, aged 83.

WITTERS, William—One of the oldest auctioneers of this city—here, Nov. 22.

ZOLLERN, Baron Lasser Von—An Austrian statesman and formerly Minister of the Interior—Vienna, cable-dispatch dated Nov. 20, aged 64.

POLYTECHNIC VS. SEAWANHAKA.—A football-match was played by the teams of Polytechnic Institute and the Seawanhaka Club at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Nov. 22, the former winning by a goal to nothing. The opposing sides were: Polytechnic—Moran, Edwards, Terry, Griffiths, Loomis, Shanks, forwards; Chauncey, Harris and Jenks, half-backs; Sherman Duke and Raven, backs. Seawanhaka—Davenport, Bunzle, Lipman, Sidney, Ormsby and J. L. Langbein, forwards; Heis and H. Langbein, half-backs; Lee and Seeber, backs.

ATHLETIC.

A RECEPTION ENTERTAINMENT

was given at the rooms of the New York Racket Club, this city, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 20, and the many ladies among the invited spectators appeared to enjoy the displays of skill and strength forming the programme quite as much as those made of sterner material. The exercises began with a racket match between James Moore of this city and Boakes of Quebec, Canada, professional players. This resulted in a victory for Boakes by a score of 45 to 34 aces, he winning three successive games. Trapeze performances were then gone through with in the gymnasium by Wm. Smith, James Burnett and Robert Stroll, after which the pudding-bags were brought into use, and the Goycourier Brothers proceeded to show what they knew about boxing, after whom Prof. James O'Neil and J. H. Smith had a bout. Luncheon was then partaken of, after which Boakes undertook to play rackets against Moore and E. C. La Montagne; but although the latter sprained his wrist, and had to cry quits after scoring a couple of aces, his partner played so capitally that the Canadian marker was beaten by 30 to 18. After this came the event of the occasion, being a set-to, in costume, by Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers, than whom better couple could not have been secured for such an entertainment. They gave a very pleasing exhibition (very different from that in which they participated in a different capacity some hours later), and were rewarded with hearty applause by ladies as well as gentlemen. Professor Austin and O'Neil followed in an exhibition of fistic science, which wound up the afternoon's entertainment.

YALE vs. COLUMBIA.

Very rough play characterized the football-match between the Freshmen of Yale and Columbia at Hoboken, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 22, the latter team making a much better fight than their antagonists had anticipated, although they were ultimately beaten by a score of two goals and three touchdowns to nothing. The Columbias acted mainly on the defensive, and their forwards being active, powerful young fellows, a greater part of the work was done on Yale territory, and the tackling and scrimmaging was of the fiercest character; and as a result of these recklessly desperate onslaughts and unnecessarily rough encounters, Peters and Eaton were disabled during the contest—the former by a blow or kick in the stomach, and the latter having his knee sprained, Camp also receiving a rough visitation in the region of the abdomen. During the second half of the game the opposing players lost their heads and tempers at the same time, but before blows could be exchanged the belligerents were parted, and they were thus prevented from making a further disgraceful exhibition of themselves. The teams were composed as follows: Yale—Eaton, Morehead, Clark, Lam, Harding, Remington, Vernon, Merrell, Knapp, forwards; Camp, Badger and Peters, half-backs; Watson, three-quarter back; Nixon and Lyman, backs. Columbia—Rankin, Hall, Henry, Hausling, G. H. Clarke, Stearns, Potts, Octaviano, Bush, and De Forest, forwards; Marshall, Conover and Trowbridge, half-backs; Simpson, Le Doux and Morgan, backs. Umpires, W. C. McIlvaine for Yale, and E. H. Herrick for Columbia. Referee, F. W. Brown.

NORMAN TAYLOR'S BENEFIT

on Saturday evening last turned out no benefit at all, the attendance being considerably below expenses. This was a rather rough deal for the veteran and others associated with him. Madison-square Garden is generally successful in its appearance, and the proceedings were without that snap necessary to awaken the interest of the few paying spectators. The names of the winners of the several competitions are as follow: Ten-mile run, Dingley, who won the race, which he accomplished the distance in 1h. 3m. 40s; three-mile walk, Miss Belle Kilberry, defeating Cora Cushing and Mme. Tobias, 34min. 20s.; five-mile run, Miss Amy Howard, 35 minutes; five-mile race, for retired men, P. Gibson, 34min. 50s.; twenty-mile run, T. Eagan —, after doing ten miles in 1h. 15m. 30s., all the other starters having retired beforehand. Norman Taylor, who was to attempt to excel his best previous time for the full distance, quitting at the end of three miles, owing, it was said, to having sprained his ankle. D. J. Ross indulged in one of his fainting spells after going a mile and a quarter. C. Darling gave an exhibition of bicycle-riding. Starter and referee, Jack Goulding.

THE MANHATTAN GAMES.

Over eight hundred entries have been made for the handicap games to be held by the Manhattan Athletic Club at their grounds on Eighth avenue, Thanksgiving-day, commencing at 1 P. M. Among those who have sent in entries are those of many of the athletes, representing all the clubs in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, so that, if the day turns out fine, some great sport may be expected. For the tug-of-war, teams of two men, 140lb and under, no fewer than twenty-three teams have entered. The half-mile handicap run did not fill, and a half-mile consolation race for beaten men has been substituted therefor, the other events being 75, 220, and 600yds runs, one-mile bicycle race, one-mile walk, three-legged race, 220yds.; tug-of-war, teams of two men from the Manhattan A. C., and a one-mile special walk for those who have a record of 7m. 45s. or better. Charles Price, holder of Sir John Astley's ten-mile champion belt, will also run five miles, and attempt to beat the best American record.

DON'T FORGET to take in the theatre after you have taken in your Thanksgiving-dinner. Go early, and secure good seats for yourself and lady.

CHESS.—Correspondence between Mr. Hodges, of Boston, and Mr. Hanham, of Cambridge, Mass., has resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 3 games to 2.

THE LONG PEDESTRIANS are notified of letters awaiting them in our care: Ed Hoskie, John Oddy and John S. Barnes.

AQUATIC.

COURTNEY FAILS AGAIN.

The last hope of a race between the champion sculler, Edward Hanlan, and the champion of England, C. E. Courtney may now be regarded as at an end, as after the events of the past week the Canadian may well be excused from paying any more attention to anything which emanates from the Union Spring's caller. The signing of the fresh agreement at Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 13, the conditions of which were so business-like and fair, satisfied most people, and that at last Courtney had made up his mind to row a square race with the man whom he once professed to think comparatively little of as a sculler, but of whose powers he for some time past has manifested a wholesome dread that is far from indicative of courage. The gentlemen representing the company who put up the stakes (one hundred dollars a side) have manifested the same to Referee Blaikie, who received it Nov. 17, and Hanlan's forfeit-money, $500, reached him the same day; but although the latter has been without the required amount or any part of it coming from the Union Springs mystery. Instead, however, came the intelligence, at first unofficial, but confirmed, that Courtney, that he refused to go on with the match if Mr. Blaikie was to act as referee, and further that he did not authorize Captain Sullivan to act for him in the matter of agreeing upon the conditions and signing the articles. As this was known, however, that at the meeting in Rochester Capt. Sullivan authoritatively did act the ruling for Courtney while the latter was absent, and having the minutes of articles, the signing of which, he said, would do away with all objection to Mr. Blaikie acting as referee, and as the latter has refused to go on with the match if Mr. Blaikie was to act as referee, and further that he did not authorize Captain Sullivan to act for him in the matter of agreeing upon the conditions and signing the articles, as this was known, however, that at the meeting in Rochester Capt. Sullivan authoritatively did act the ruling for Courtney while the latter was absent, and having the minutes of articles, the signing of which, he said, would do away with all objection to Mr. Blaikie acting as referee, and as the latter has refused to go on with the match if Mr. Blaikie was to act as referee, and further that he did not authorize Captain Sullivan to act for him in the matter of agreeing upon the conditions and signing the articles, as this shows that Sullivan did act with full authority, no fair-minded person can believe otherwise than that this unreasonable objection is a mere pretext, unexpectedly and highly esteemed as Wm. Blaikie was seized upon solely as a means of getting out of another tight place. Advices from different sections attest that this last great mistake has cost Courtney the friendship of about all of those who have hitherto clung to him through good and evil report (with a big balance on the side of the latter), and the papers which have always championed his cause have now become convinced of the error of their ways, as may be inferred from the following slighting item from *Rochester Democrat*, a journal that has been foremost in Courtney's defense: "There is nothing particularly new in the Courtney disgrace, and the same may be said of the whole manner is his away he has captured the Vassar Cup some time back, and was as follows: J. stumpf, O. H. Greene, R. F. Allen, H. E. Asman, E. Parcels, J. C. Courland, George Brungard, Wm. Keller (stroke), Wm. Weish (coxswain). The race excited the deepest interest among the friends of the several clubs, and attracted the largest crowd that ever gathered there to witness an event of this kind.

GAUDAUR AND ADAIR of Toronto defeated Faley and Humphrey of Collingwood in a two-mile double-scull race for $200 at Barrie, Ont., Nov. 18. Time, 14m. 20s.

WALLACE ROSS, for whom the past season has been very unprofitable, is financially badly broken up, and Jim Keenan and other friends in Boston have gotten up a benefit for him, which will take place at Revere Hall, there, on the night of Nov. 26. If he makes a good "stake," as we hope he will, he intends leaving for England in a short time.

FRENCHY JOHNSON is back in Massachusetts, and it is said that he will sail for England in December.

BASEBALL.

THE PLAYING RULES OF 1880.

When we prepared the playing code of rules for the professional convention of 1877, the principle which governed the plan of the code in question was to have every section of the rule in which governed the play. We regarded it as a matter of indifference how many sections of each rule the code embraced, provided that every point of play was covered, and each rule clearly defined. When the framers of the League code took hold of the rules, in 1876, their plan of operation in reversing the old code was to reduce the number of sections as much as possible, and to embody in one section definitions of a rule which had previously required two or three separate sections. Had they in doing this combined special clearness of definition with their desire for brevity, the revision would not have been so damaging to the playing rules of the game; but they did not secure such a result, and the consequence was that each convention's reduction of the sections has been followed by increased difficulty in properly defining them, and of course there has been a proportionate increase in the disputes arising from a lack of full explanation of the rules of play. Moreover, while point after point of play has been left uncovered by an explanatory section, several sections have been worded so as to conflict with one another. Last season's experience in the umpiring under the League code displayed its faults so plainly that even members of the League clubs were dissatisfied with the rules.

The difficulty in the matter is that members of the professional conventions take hold of this business of revising the playing-rules who are not sufficiently posted either in the theory or the practice of the important essential of making clearly-defined rules to cover each play. Hence a great deal of crude work is hastily done. Besides this, there is a pernicious influence at work at this time in framing new rules or in changing the wording of sections which is utterly opposed to real improvement in the playing-rules of the game, and this influence lies in the effort made by certain club-delegates to legislate in the matter solely in the special interests of their own club, and not for the welfare or advantage of the game at large. How will this, that, or the other new rule or revised section affect the play of our pitcher or our catcher? is the primary question with this class; and they vote to change a rule or section in accordance with this selfish principle. There has not been a convention of the League since its organization in which the revision of the playing-rules has not been influenced in this way. This was plainly exhibited last year by the personal legislation which characterized the proceedings of the League Convention. Had it not been the plan of revising the rules to confine to mark League legislation is the question. As long as it does, no perfection in the rules can be attained. Last season Harry Wright advocated the abolishment of the bound-catch of foul balls, and this improvement was carried out by the National Association, but not by the League. Will it be the coming season? The only objection made to its adoption by the League was that it would lengthen the game; but the experience of the past season disproves the fallacy of this objection, the League games being longer, by an average of twenty minutes, than those of the National clubs.

There is one section of the League code—unwisely endorsed by the National Association—which certainly ought to be abolished, and that is the rule which prevents a baseplayer from running a base-runner between first base with the ball while off a base, unless the player holds the ball after touching the runner. This rule simply offers the runner a premium to prevent collision with the player. It is grossly unjust to the player in a majority of instances, and it is a fruitful source of dispute between players and umpires. The present rule is the only proper one, and that is to give the runner out when touched by the player, even if the ball was knocked out of his hand, except it was plainly apparent that the player had not held the ball. This is a plain conflict between Sections 5 and 8 of Rule Second, and it should be remedied. In Section 6 the rule states that "when a game of five or more innings is stopped by rain or darkness, and the score at the time is equal on the even innings played, the game shall be declared a draw, under no other circumstances shall a drawn game be declared." Section 8 states that "the umpire, in any match game, shall in case of rain or darkness, call a game when play shall have progressed, and, if the game cannot be fairly concluded, it shall be decided by the score of the last equal innings played, unless one nine shall have completed their innings, and the other nine shall have equaled or exceeded the score of their opponents in their incompleted innings, in which case the game shall be decided by a total score obtained, which score shall be recorded as the score of the game."

Here, it will be seen, a drawn game can occur in a match in which five even innings are not completed. This conflicts with the other section.

In the case of Section 11 of Rule Fourth, governing foul balls, the reference to a half ball-bound to first base by a fielder is not clearly defined. It says: "All balls batted directly to the ground that bound and roll within the foul lines between home and first or home and third bases, *without first touching the person of a player*, shall be considered fair." And again

A GLASS-BALL MATCH, fifty balls each, 21yds. rise, for $30 a side, was shot by Mr. Chapin and Sidney Bocholtz, at Bergen Point N. J. Nov. 19, the former breaking 44 to Bocholtz's 40.

A GUN presented by President Mott was shot for by members of the Middlesex Gun Club at Trenton, N. J., Nov. 22. They shot at ten birds each, 21yds. rise, and Ellis won by killing nine.

A MATCH for $50 a side, twenty-five birds each, 30yds. rise, five traps, was shot at Oceanport, N. J., Nov. 19, W. Greening defeating P. L. Duffy; score, 22 to 19.

A PIGEON MATCH for $200, fifty birds each, 21yds. rise, was shot at Clifford, N. J., Nov. 17, P. C. Ellis defeating D. H. Laremer by a score of 41 to 36.

MR. BAYLES won a fifty-bird match, 21yds. rise, Long Island rules, from Shade De Long, at Pamrapo, N. J., Nov. 22, scoring 41 to 37.

BILLIARDS.

THE TOURNAMENT ENDED.

Sexton Defeats Schaefer, and also Daly by 148—Slosson, averaging 25, beats Schaefer by 150—Daly and Garnier Play Off Nov. 25, and Sexton and Slosson Nov. 29—Schaefer Wins Third Prize—Only 7 Runs of One Hundred Points—The New Game a Fixture.

At the time that we go to press, Sexton is playing Daly, and Schaefer has to play Slosson, in order to wind up the series of twenty eight regular games, eight of which will be found reported upon an outside page. So far, Schaefer, Slosson and Sexton have severally won five games and lost one. Should Daly beat Sexton, the former will take fourth prize and Garnier the fifth. Should Sexton beat Daly, the latter and Garnier will be tied for fourth and fifth prizes, and Sexton must play either Schaefer or Slosson for first and second. Two ties can be avoided only through Daly's beating Sexton. We shall endeavor, if only in a heading line, to give at least the bare results of the two important games of to-night, Nov. 24. At the present writing, as may be seen in the table at the end of this report, Sexton has the best general average and the best single average, and Garnier the highest run.

GAME NO. 23.—DALY VS. RUDOLPHE.

In a contest as unsatisfactory to himself and friends as any other in which he had participated, Rudolphe on Saturday afternoon preached his last sermon to referee and marker, but not closing the volume until he had impressed his auditors with the weightiness of another of his uncomfortable psychological experiences. The inevitable "kick" was as to a question of count, of course. Rudolphe is apt to be right once in a while, but he is so often wrong that it is almost safe for any referee to decide against him on general principles, and with his eyes shut. When the adverse decision was rendered on this occasion, Rudolphe put on his overcoat; and when next he played, it was with one hand only, and with the overcoat as an additional gratuity. This was annoying to Daly, whose photo we have by wide of the mark. Luckily, he left nothing. Had he left the balls together, Rudolphe's overcoat would have been doffed in a jiffy. As it was, some of the spectators had to ask him to take it off, there being a handicap at stake. Daly averaged 15 15, and Rudolphe 8.5 15.

DALY—	0,	30,	28,	11,	1,	19,	41,	3,	0,	6,	64,	7,	0,	8,	23,	0,	0,	9, 49—total, 340.
RUDOLPHE—	4,	14,	6,	4,	0,	11,	0,	26,	17,	0,	3,	0,	0,	58,	1,	3,	0,	0—total, 147.

GAME NO. 24.—SLOSSON VS. CARTER.

There was a wretched look about Slosson as he entered the hall on the night of Nov. 22. There was no lustre in his eye, and there was languor in every movement. He had a chill that afternoon, and it had reduced him to worthlessness in his own opinion. Sickness came most inopportunely, as ever since Garnier gave his initial exhibition at the Columbian Room, when there was less play than talk between some of the experts, there has been ill feeling between Carter and Slosson. Those who witnessed their contest in Immigrant Hall may have noticed that at its close they did not grasp hands, nor even approach each other. When Slosson came into the hall his first inquiry was for Mr. Callender, the manager, from which we inferred that he desired to have some game substituted for the one between himself and Carter. Only the game between Carter and Heiser could have been substituted without making Sexton play twice that night; and as the vast concourse had not assembled to see Heiser and Carter play, a change of programme was utterly out of the question, even if Slosson had and Carter had consented to it. It occurred to us that the Toledoan had too much strain upon him that night. Apart from his personal feelings with respect to Slosson, as the companion of Schaefer he was profoundly interested in making the path of the latter all the smoother toward reaching the Champion's Medal and the $1,000. With a sick man at one end of it, and at the other a man who was handicapped by overanxiety in a twofold sense, the contest would have been dull enough had there been but few hundred people in the room, even if all the drinks when there were a thousand pairs of eyes looking on. In presence of a few, who can maintain almost perfect quiet, men can play parlor-billiards; but those "ohs!" and "ahs!" of disappointment which are inseparable from large gatherings serve to inspire players by occasionally reminding them of their failures. There are not many spectators who can comprehend that he who is averaging 10, with a sharp and persistent opponent beside him and a hot "house" around him, is really playing better billiards than when, with a game and opponent under his feet, and a cool "house" looking on, he averages 30. All that saved Slosson was the fact that Carter had had luck at the beginning; and, though he can play a strong leading game, or may be able to hold his own so long as he is nearly abreast of his antagonist, he is not likely ever to get in front if he has to trail for any length of time. The winner's average was 8.28-34, and the loser's 4.18-34. The best run of the game was 56, cut short on the 57th carom by Slosson's being caught in the bank, where the players have so often "fallen from the wagon," and where the next game Schaefer also fell, though for the first time in the tournament, we believe. A noticeable feature of Slosson's play was that he had to use the artificial bridge frequently, and never missed a shot with it. It was much more reliable than his natural bridge.

SLOSSON—	0,	0,	0,	5,	6,	0,	1,	11,	1,	26,	3,	20,	1,	6,	12,	0,	0,	0,
	39,	36,	0,	56,	9,	12,	3,	4,	11,	0,	1,	1,	15,	4,	0,	23—Total, 300.		
CARTER—	13,	1,	0,	1,	9,	3,	4,	0,	0,	5,	0,	0,	1,	0,	12,	1,	0,	4,
	10,	0,	34,	10,	15,	0,	0,	0,	0,	6,	4,	35,	0,	0—Total, 154.				

GAME NO. 25.—SEXTON VS. SCHAEFER.

"Look sharp! Sexton is still hot. Should he continue hot he is liable to practice, and if he practices he is liable to be at the top of the heap." Called forth by Sexton's rage at a fancied wrong done him in his game with Slosson, these words or ours last week were addressed as advice to Sexton and as a warning to readers at a distance. Sexton followed the advice better than we had hoped for; and where as the week before he had knocked the balls about in Tammany Hall like one who had only a faint idea as to where they would stop, last week there were the old cues and the old game somewhere near the old accuracy about his position-play. Schaefer, who had won thirteen games of record since he last encountered defeat, at the close of 1878, was the favorite at two to one in the pools, which were $2 ones paying $5.87. Outside of the pools the odds was divided two-to-six four and two to one. At those figures, in the pools and out of them, it remained firm, never changing. It was a close "bank" for the lead, Sexton's ball stopping on the head cushion. With much deliberation he played for a "see-up" on the upper rail, but he missed the object by "one-eighth of eight hairs," which let in Schaefer to a part of the "break" that Sexton had planned for himself. Early in his first inning Schaefer essayed one of those shots that are very pretty in billiard-room, where others make them almost as well as Schaefer, but are out of place in a big match, unless they can frighten an antagonist. It was a long draw, and certain to leave Sexton an inning if it were missed. But Schaefer did not miss it, and there was loud applause. In the next inning he made precisely the same kind of "scratch" that he had the night before against Daly, except that now it was in the right upper corner, his ball falling short an inch and being "kissed" by the returning first object-ball. This emboldened him to play another of those strokes that always win applause except from old billiard players, and therefore have won praise for Schaefer. It was a "bounce" shot—a hop-skip-and-jump: but the striker missed it, and Sexton—who, by the way, had closed his second inning with a bad miscue in the left upper corner—knocked out 51 consecutive caroms. There was no more talk from Schaefer, who in changing his tactics crippled himself all over, eventually even more "on the rail" than on the open board. Three times in the next ten innings did Schaefer get the natural rail, and the lengthy one at that; but there was no longer any vitality in his hand, and all the draws when there were a thousand pairs of eyes looking on. In presence of a few, who can maintain almost perfect quiet, men can play parlor-billiards; but those "ohs!" and "ahs!" of disappointment which are inseparable from large gatherings serve to inspire players by occasionally reminding them of their failures. There are not many spectators who can comprehend that he who is averaging 10, with a sharp and persistent opponent beside him and a hot "house" around him, is really playing better billiards than when, with a game and opponent under his feet, and a cool "house" looking on, he averages 30. All that saved Slosson was the fact that Carter had had luck at the beginning; and, though he can play a strong leading game, or may be able to hold his own so long as he is nearly abreast of his antagonist, he is not likely ever to get in front if he has to trail for any length of time. The winner's average was 8.28-34, and the loser's 4.18-34. The best run of the game was 56, cut short on the 57th carom by Slosson's being caught in the bank, where the players have so often "fallen from the wagon," and where the next game Schaefer also fell, though for the first time in the tournament, we believe. A noticeable feature of Slosson's play was that he had to use the artificial bridge frequently, and never missed a shot with it. It was much more reliable than his natural bridge.

SLOSSON—	0,	0,	0,	5,	6,	0,	1,	11,	1,	26,	3,	20,	1,	6,	12,	0,	0,	0,
	39,	36,	0,	56,	9,	12,	3,	4,	11,	0,	1,	1,	15,	4,	0,	23—Total, 300.		
CARTER—	13,	1,	0,	1,	9,	3,	4,	0,	0,	5,	0,	0,	1,	0,	12,	1,	0,	4,
	10,	0,	34,	10,	15,	0,	0,	0,	0,	6,	4,	35,	0,	0—Total, 154.				

GAME NO. 26.—CARTER VS. HEISER.

CARTER—	6,	7,	4,	11,	0,	3,	0,	1,	3,	0,	0,	0,	12,	0,	32,	1,	32,	0,	1,	1,
	11,	2,	0,	0,	103,	72,	1—300.													
HEISER—	2,	4,	0,	0,	5,	0,	1,	8,	0,	30,	0,	0,	4,	4,	7,	0,	1,	2,	1,	4,	7,
	0,	1,	2,	1,	4,	2—Total, 96.														

Carter made a terrible error in taking the results of the first twenty-six of the twenty-eight regular games. The first line of figures shows the total points scored by each player against him whose column intersects his own; the second line shows his average, his best average or all being inclosed in parentheses, as (27 3-11) for Sexton; and the third line gives his best run in that particular game, his best run of all being put in heavy figures, as 1 4 7 for Garnier. The total innings and points and the grand averages are necessarily incomplete as to Schaefer, Slosson, Daly and Sexton, as they have yet to play a game apiece; and in the remaining game any one of these players is liable to surpass his best run and best single-average so far

	Grand Average.	Total Innings.	Garnier.	Carter.	Heiser.	Total Innings.	Fu. dolphe.	Rudolphe.	Total Innings.	Daly.	Slosson.	Total Innings.	Schaefer.	Sexton.
Garnier	14.10-121	1,704	1 2 2 1	90 6 12	68 5 8-12	121	300 25 14-21	300 15	121	300 25 14-21	300 15	121	300 25 14-21	300 15
Carter	12.22-146	1,774	55	1 2 3	35 4 5	146	300 20 12-22	300 15	146	300 20 12-22	300 15	146	300 20 12-22	300 15
Heiser	12.27-134	1,668	53	29	1 2 3	134	300 22 12-24	300 15	134	300 22 12-24	300 15	134	300 22 12-24	300 15
Fu. dolphe	10.27-144	1,487	55	29	28	144	1 2 3	300 15	144	300 15	300 15	144	300 15	300 15
Rudolphe	8.131-174	1,393	55	29	28	144	0	1 2 3	144	300 15	300 15	144	300 15	300 15
Daly	7.84-173	1,265	55	29	28	144	0	0	1 2 3	300 15	300 15	144	300 15	300 15
Slosson	14.47-125	1,797	55	29	28	144	0	0	0	1 2 3	300 15	144	300 15	300 15
Schaefer.	Total Innings.		121	146	134	146	157	174	173	125	144	1 2 3	144	300 15
Slosson	300 (27 3-11) 1 2 3		300 (23 1-13) 97	300 (21 1-15) 107	300 (11 10-34) 69	300 (27 3-11) 97	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 18-58) 184	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (7 27-39) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	1 2 3
Daly	300 (27 3-11) 1 2 3		300 (23 1-13) 97	300 (21 1-15) 107	300 (11 10-34) 69	300 (27 3-11) 97	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 18-58) 184	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (7 27-39) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	1 2 3	300 (3 3-10) 43
Garnier.	300 (27 3-11) 97		1 2 3	300 (21 1-15) 107	300 (11 10-34) 69	300 (27 3-11) 97	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 18-58) 184	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (7 27-39) 43	1 2 3	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43
Carter.	300 (23 1-13) 97		300 (23 1-13) 97	1 2 3	300 (11 10-34) 69	300 (27 3-11) 97	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 18-58) 184	300 (3 3-10) 43	1 2 3	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43
Heiser.	300 (27 3-11) 1 2 3		300 (23 1-13) 97	300 (21 1-15) 107	1 2 3	300 (27 3-11) 97	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 18-58) 184	1 2 3	300 (7 27-39) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43
Fu. dolphe	300 (27 3-11) 1 2 3		300 (23 1-13) 97	300 (21 1-15) 107	300 (11 10-34) 69	1 2 3	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 5-16) 79	1 2 3	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (7 27-39) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43
Rudolphe	300 (27 3-11) 1 2 3		300 (23 1-13) 97	300 (21 1-15) 107	300 (11 10-34) 69	300 (27 3-11) 97	1 2 3	300 (8 5-16) 79	300 (8 18-58) 184	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (7 27-39) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43
Daly	300 (27 3-11) 1 2 3		300 (23 1-13) 97	300 (21 1-15) 107	300 (11 10-34) 69	300 (27 3-11) 97	300 (8 5-16) 79	1 2 3	300 (8 18-58) 184	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (7 27-39) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43	300 (3 3-10) 43

A STRING OF PEARLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALLY WEST OF HALEY AND WEST.

Musings.

Ah, now, my Muse, come tune my lay;
My Muse, I miss you days gone by.
Methinks I see as plain to-day,
As once I did with joyous eye,
A crowded city's crowded street,
Where once in glorious, genial Spring
I met a friend—ah, word as sweet—
Of that, my only friend, I sing.

My friend, my love, my only friend!
We met, we loved; yet still apart
I'm doomed to wander to the end,
With only this—my broken heart.

How fierce the love some natures feel
For those whom they can love at all!
Bright hopes, fair castles in the air
They build, and only see them fall.

The brightest hopes and joy and dreams
They build on that foundation strong—
Their one friend's truth; and yet it seems
That friendship was not worth a song.
How many thus we meet, who, blind,
Have staked the all their life was worth
On one friend's friendship, but to find
That friend was only earth of earth.

But when to love we lend ourselves,
And Cupid, slyest of all elves,
With flaming torch lights our heart's fires,
And wakes affection's pure desires—
When meet "two hearts that beat as one,"
And, shining brighter than the sun
From out the windows of the soul,
Gleams all its love beyond control,
When heart to heart shows all its love—
That Heaven-born gift, sent from above—
They revel in Elysian bliss,
Their souls join in one sacred kiss.

Ah, should that love, like the false friend,
Dash down its castles in the air,
Its own confessions raised, to rend
The glory of a lifetime there!
Ah, then, what pity fills the heart
For him who's wasted life's young years,
All only from his love to part
And drown a future bright in tears.

Paradox.

I loved! Can never love again
I found the joys of love too fraught with pain,
Although the one I loved loved me, she said;
I fear she was mistaken. Well, what can be said?
Doubt and love may not conciliate,
Nay, nearer far akin are Love and Hate.
This may seem paradoxical to you—
The writing, not the fact, that's too true.
Well, maybe there are keys to all the locks.
Unlock the mystery, then, of me—I am the
I loved! [paradox—

Destiny.

"There is a destiny that shapes," they say,
"Our ends, roughhew them as we may."
Mine is, it seems, to end in sorrow.
Well, be it so. There is a morrow,
And on that morrow I may cry
With great Horatius: "I but die
To save my soul; for, it I stayed,
Damned I would be," though a Greek prayed
The contents of her prayer-book through,
And told her rosary over, too,
Each hour in the day.

Look up.

Is it raining, little flower?
Be it rain or shine,
Too much sun would wither thee—
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just ahead there shines the blue.

Art thou very tender, heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

Hartford, October, 1879.

VENETIA MONTAGUE:
A ROMANCE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

I.—THE MURDER AT THE VILLA SOLFERINO.

A crime had been committed in a suburb of Boulogne, and the neighborhood was in consternation. A wealthy man who had occupied the Villa Solferino had been found dead in his bed at midnight. After repeated knocks at his door, Petrie, his valet, had become alarmed, and had run like wildfire to the house. Upon the body of the dead man's bed dressed. The face was horribly contorted. The half-opened lips disclosed both rows of teeth, clenched by the last convulsion of agony. The eyes, which no pious hand had closed in time, stared death in the face unflinchingly. A dagger, almost shaped like a bayonet, lay crimsoned with gore in the middle of the room. The blood had spurted upon the carpets, the hangings, the furniture, everywhere.

Petrie, the valet, who had called the Justice and raised the neighborhood, was silent. He seemed to have lost all his strength and to have lapsed into a sort of stupor. At the inquest he had so far recovered as to be able to tell all he knew. It was not much. His master had been in his usual health that unfortunate day. The female servant had been called to Calais by a telegram announcing the sickness of her mother. He had therefore served his employer's supper at the usual hour—eight o'clock—after that he had gone down-stairs and eaten a few shrimps, washing them down with a single glass of claret—the positive limit which he had only drunk one glass of claret—then, in a most unaccountable manner, he had dropped asleep, and had not awoke until the hall clock was striking twelve. Being minutely cross-examined, he declared that he remembered that the shrimps were from the Boulogne fishwives in the afternoon. She had come with their creel to the door. She wore sabots and the usual dress characteristic of the Boulogne fisherwomen. He hadn't noticed whether she was old or young; but he thought she was rather stout than thin. She had very little to say. He asked if the shrimps were fresh. She said they were. He bought a pint for himself—his employer never tasted fish in any form. The shrimps were not fresh. They had a bitter taste, and he had consequently only eaten about a third of them; the rest he had thrown into the stove. He had never seen the dagger in his life until he saw it last night, when his kind master lay dead.

The police deposed to the condition of the house and the doors and windows when they took possession. The sleeping-apartment of M. Clere was on the ground-floor, and it looked upon an ample fruit-garden. The door was locked on the inside. The three windows were all closed, and two of them were fastened—the other, which adjoined the bell-grasspiot, was not latched. Nothing in the room was disturbed. M. Clere's gold watch—a valuable jeweled chronometer—was on his person, and was still going when the police arrived.

Furthermore, it was shown by the physician who had occasionally been called in to prescribe for M. Clere that the deceased had a good constitution and enjoyed good health, although he was physically deformed—one of his legs being shorter than the other, and his neck slightly twisted. Both the doctor and the valet testified that the deceased was a taciturn gentleman, and kept himself entirely aloof from the residents of the district. He was a man of wealth—a man apparently at peace with the world, while the world was evidently at peace with him.

The Judge inquired whether the doctor thought the circumstances were consistent with the theory of suicide. The doctor thought they were—the suicidal mania might have sprung up in a disordered brain in a single night. The idea of suicide was intensely repugnant to Petrie, the valet.

"He was not the man for that! His mind was too well balanced for that!" the maninsisted.

The police had a theory of their own. They suspected Petrie of the murder of his master; but for what motive, beyond a mere Algerian desire for blood, they were at a loss to explain. They pointed to the locked door and the open window. They cited the shrimps and the convenient sleep that followed their enjoyment.

The inquest was adjourned, and Petrie was taken to Boulogne harbor for the purpose of identifying the woman who had sold him the crustaceans. In this he signally failed, although every fish-vender in the place was passed in review before him. In a couple of days afterwards the valet-de-chambre returned. The telegram had been a forgery. The mother was in excellent health. All investigation failed to trace the person who had handed the dispatch into the telegraphic office at Calais. Meantime the case looked very suspicious, so far as Petrie was concerned. He was kept in solitary confinement, and ghostly voices assailed his ears at midnight, with the object of terrifying him into confession. On one occasion the police contrived a magic-lantern scene, in which the supposed crime was suddenly pictured on the wall of his cell. The poor wretch was plunged in a paroxysm of terror; but he never varied in his solemn protestation of innocence. Finally he was tried and condemned to be guillotined. When he received his sentence he made the same unvarying response:

"Messieurs, I am innocent!"

On the morning of the day on which Petrie's sentence was to have been carried into execution the prison authorities received a brief order from the Minister of Justice. The message was as follows:

"Postpone the execution of Petrie."

The ground for that postponement received its explanation in the fact that late the previous evening the Minister had received an important document from that of the detectives who had been detailed to scrutinize every nook and corner of the Solferino Villa—more for the purpose of trying to ascertain what disposition the deceased might have made of his property than for saving the condemned murderer's life. In a secret closet in the cellar the detective found the clearly written document, embodied in the two following chapters:

II.—A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

As I have never unbosomed myself to any human being, and have never had much sympathy with my fellow-men, I think it may be well to put on paper the strange story of my experience. I am not, as many people have imagined, a Frenchman by birth. My father was a famous scene-painter, and all the happy recollections of my life are associated with my childhood in London. My boyish days, perhaps, seem happier to me than they really were by contrast with all the after-years. I remember when my mother died, just before the pantomime was produced at Christmas. I remember ——; but why recall those childish memories? I went to school, and, when I was twelve, I took to painting as naturally as a bird takes to its wings. My father was proud of me, and he used to show it in all sorts of peculiar ways.

"One day I fell clear from the paint-bridge, fifty feet; and, as I have been told, was picked up a mass of quivering flesh and broken bones. Weary, weary months passed before I could leave my bed. I was crippled for life; it was necessary for me to use crutches; I was practically ruined for a scene-painter. I went back to school, and I studied portrait-painting at leisure hours. I had been fond of the theatre, and, although I never went there now, I used to ask my father about the new plays and the new players. Then I would try to sketch the stage-scene in such a drama, according to my conception, supplying the figures and their pose. My father got hold of some of those improvisations, and they astonished him. One day he said to me:

"'When did you see Mr. Redcliffe?'

"'Mr. Redcliffe?' I said; 'whom do you mean? I don't know any person by the name of Redcliffe!'

"'Yet you have drawn Redcliffe to the life, and Henrietta Sims as well; you must have been at the theatre and have seen them in that act?'

"I avowed that I never had. He smiled sadly. I think he fancied my head was a little touched.

"By-and-bye, I began to experience realistic day-dreams. I used to see the action of a whole piece, to see the scenes and the stage-settings, to mark the costumes and countenances of the actors—all in pantomime. I could have drawn a panorama of everything. I questioned my father, and found that his description tallied, even to the minutest article of stage-property. Poor man, he was quite amused at what he termed my 'cunning' in stealing into the theatre and getting 'a peep.' This was his explanation. But I had not seen the play, nor the players, nor the new scenes, nor heard a single word of the play. It was purely a spontaneous creation. At first I did not know whether to rejoice at or to deplore this new mysterious faculty. But all the time I never ceased to wonder at it. Was this the 'poetic inspiration which enabled Homer to picture the battles of the Iliad; which enabled Dante to look at the horrors of the Inferno; which enabled Milton to depict the long Summer's-day fall of the Tempter? Was it this; or was it the exalting influence of my distorted spine upon my mental powers?

"My remarkable gift left me as suddenly as it came. No wakening vibration of the faculty returned. I had no more visions. My life became as prosy as a plowed field. I had opened a small studio in London. I was a portrait-painter on a very limited scale. At first my patrons were mothers who had baby-cherubs to paint. At last a lady visited my studio and took her first sitting. She had a remarkable face—not handsome, but kind and intellectual. I painted with eagerness—I seemed to understand the woman. I seemed to comprehend her nature—her instincts—her secret motives.

"When the portrait was finished she brought several people to see it, and what surprised me was the evident astonishment which so plainly was imprinted on their features as they gazed. That portrait brought me fame. The newspapers took it up, and lauded me to the skies. I couldn't understand it. To tell the truth, I was greatly perplexed.

"I painted more portraits with 'increasing power,' as the critics expressed it. A writer in *The Times* said that I painted portraits as if I had 'known every subject of my canvas from childhood' and 'had been permitted to look into their hearts.'

"This criticism disclosed me to myself. This was the whole matter in a nutshell. I had not previously remarked the new psychologic phase in my nature. While I was painting my next portrait—that of a man—I became conscious of the obtrusion on my mind of his thoughts, I knew all that he was thinking—all that he was fearing.

"'Can it be possible that that cripple there can see that I am a scoundrel?' he was asking himself.

"When that portrait was approaching completion the man said to me: 'You are the devil in semi-human shape; you needn't finish the picture; there is your money.' I learned subsequently that he took the canvas away and burnt it.

"This terrible insight became wearying, harassing and annoying to me. To see, as it were, the curtain rise from a human soul; to behold all the littleness, the falsehoods, the egotism, the ambitions, the lies, the envy, the hatreds, the uncharitableness, became a terrible ordeal to the nerves. Some subjects I steadfastly refused to paint at any price. My father, who never understood me, used to scold and to prophesy that my arrogance would lead to my ruin. But the orders flowed in from all sides, and I became a fashionable painter. One morning the footman announced a lady who refused to give her name. She proved to be one of the most famous and notorious actresses of the day, drove up to the door.

"Venetia Montague wanted an allegorical picture executed in which she was to be embodied. She was ambitious to be an Ariadne—not an Ariadne as Titian has painted her, pacing the solitary shore in heart-silence, while the sails of Athenian Theseus are fading in the distance, and with Bacchus and his drunken followers approaching from the desert. No; Mlle. Montague desired to be depicted rushing into the tumultuous waves, while on the horizon her lover was just eluding her grasp. Shall I confess that with such a face before me—with such eyes filled with divine sorcery looking into mine—I was delighted with the idea, and readily promised to essay it?

"I well remember the first sitting. 'Sitting!' did I say? It was a study from the nude! There was no prudery, no squeamishness, in this woman, who had carried Paris captive by her 'French Spy' and her 'Mazeppa.' Shall I ever forget the dreamy sensualism, the oriental languor, the woman power, the leonine force of that living statue? She made arrangements for the studies in water, and I sketched while she posed or plunged in a swimming bath in the Seine. Thus the picture was painted and placed on exhibition. Just here let me note that in the case of Venetia Montague my unhappy art of insight entirely failed me. I could watch the expression of her face and speculate on its meaning. I could request her opinion with the real interest of ignorance; but I could never see within the arcana of her heart—the green curtain would not rise at my bidding. To me she possessed all the freshness, all the charm, of unraveled destiny.

"The picture was placed on exhibition and created a furor of excitement. Crowds stood in front of it every day. 'Is it Venetia herself?' 'Is Venetia glorified?' 'It is not a picture; it is life!' people murmured in ecstasy.

"Sometimes I stole in among the crowd to watch the emotions inspired by the 'Ariadne.' It seemed to me curious how men stood and regarded it, as if they were compelled. I noticed one handsome young man in particular who seemed to tremble as he looked, and from whose cheeks the blood used to fade as he stood enchained before the canvas.

"One day Venetia called upon me. 'I want another picture,' she said in her laughing, imperious, gushing way; 'I want another classical subject; I don't care anything about the price; but I want two full-size figures this time; and I want them both to be portraits. There is no difficulty in obtaining one of them, for it is my own, and you know more of it than I do; but the other!—well, he might object. If he did—then I wouldn't care for the picture at all.'

"'And your subject?' I asked.

"'Diana watching Endymion asleep,' she replied; 'or, rather, I want to be depicted as descending—floating down to kiss the lips of the beatified slumberer.'

"'And your Endymion?'

"'Well, he will be asleep on the flowery sward of the fairy-land. His greyhound will be glancing jealously on Diana, as if aware of the intention of the goddess. His spear will be broken, and so forth.'

"'And may I ask who your Endymion is?'

"'It is Lionel Dewar—the man I adore.'

"I was not conscious of any particular feeling towards this beautiful woman at that time. She exercised a strong influence upon me; and to this hour I am unable to define my feeling towards her. One thing is certain—she possessed a power over me, much as her mental nature was a mystery to me.

"A few days after, she again called and informed me that Lionel Dewar utterly refused to pose as Endymion.

"'He must contrive it in some other way,' she said. 'He is a tenor-singer at the opera: you can see him there. Or, perhaps, I can contrive to let you have a private look at his face. I shall have it arranged so that you can see him in my boudoir, while he remains unperceived by him.'

"The idea was quite acceptable to me. I went to the opera and heard him sing, and I watched him in Mlle. Montague's boudoir. Lionel Dewar was the young man I had noticed gazing at the 'Ariadne.'

"As I watched, saluted and gazed at him from behind the curtain, he was toying with those smooth, round, opal-hued, glistening arms, and the soft velvet skin of the massive shoulders, like an automaton that dreamed. I had never been in love, and I wondered whether the sensations depicted in novels were true. Here were the passion which Sappho had tried to sing—which Abelard and Heloise had felt.

"I told Venetia Montague that I could paint her lover just as perfectly as if he had posed to me for a week. The task delighted, and I worked with the picture, working rapidly and accurately. When it was approaching completion, Venetia said:

"'How equisitely lovely he looks! Why, you have painted him like a demi-god! How beautiful his limbs are!'

"'I saw him twice on the stage,' I quietly said, 'and took particular notice of his form.'

"'Do you know,' she said another day, when I was painting for dear life—'do you know I think my Lionel is too effeminate on your canvas?'

"'Effeminate! I have always depicted with a finely rounded form,' I replied.

"'Granted; but then, you know, I want Lionel Dewar to be my Endymion.'

"'That is Lionel Dewar!' I persisted.

This difference of opinion between my patron and myself led me to suggest that M. Dewar and a few friends should be accorded a private view of the painting in its present unvarnished state. Mlle. Montague readily agreed to this proposal. There were a few critics, a dozen actors, two or three *feuilletonists* and a painter among those who accepted her invitation.

"They stood before the canvas and contemplated it earnestly. 'Surely that is a woman's form,' said one. 'Some men are formed on the feminine model, and vice versa,' another remarked. Then I drew near the form and face and feet and hands of Lionel Dewar,' said a fellow-singer. The *feuilletonists* said nothing at the time, but in a next morning's paper was a gossipy announcement to the effect that Signor Cimbelli's great picture of Diana and the hermaphrodites would shortly be on public exhibition.

"All unaware of this piece of gratuitous scurrility, I was adding the finishing touches to the picture when M. Dewar was announced. He had not attended the private view from previous engagement, and was glad to see him, and I said so. I noticed that he was pale as death, and that he carried a riding-whip in his hand. He looked at the picture for a minute or so, and, suddenly facing round, struck me repeatedly across the face with his whip, crying out: 'You miscreant! assassin!' while he rained on blows that literally blinded me. Before I could speak he was gone.

"Within an hour a friend of the frenzied man called and challenged me to a duel with the tenor I had rendered ridiculous. Somehow I couldn't understand it all. I simply said I accepted the challenge, and that the weapon, the time and the place were alike indifferent to me.

"It was in the early gray of an October morning, when an artist-friend and myself repaired to the appointed rendezvous, beyond the walls of Paris. The weapons were pistols; the distance ten paces. I felt perfectly indifferent about the result; but somehow I was impressed with a vague confidence that there would be no tragedy. Poor M. Dewar, on the contrary, was in a dreadful state of nervous demoralization. His face was ghastly. His lips quivered; his hands shook. He could scarcely walk to the position fortune had assigned him, with his back to the sun.

"'Take a mouthful of brandy!' his second urged; 'your opponent is as cool as marble and as remorseless as the grave!'

"He put the proffered flask to his lips. He couldn't swallow a drop. The seconds ascertained that we were in position, and handed our weapons. I proceeded to cock mine, and, looking at my opponent, awaited the word, without the remotest idea in the world of what I would do when the signal came.

"'Are you ready, gentlemen?'

"There was a shriek—M. Dewar had fainted. The surgeon rushed to his assistance. I left my post and looked at the writhing man. Voices were heard in the distance. 'It is the police!' somebody suggested.

"It was not the police; it was Venetia Montague and an attendant, riding furiously and shrieking madly. As her foam-flecked horse was drawn up at the scene, the surgeon raised his hand and said:

"'Be calm, Mlle. Montague! No shot has been fired; no shot will be fired, for it is my duty to inform Monsieur Clere, his second and yourself that Lionel Dewar is a woman!'"

III.—A HAWK IN DOVE'S FEATHERS.

"It will probably surprise the reader into whose hands these pages shall fall to be intormed that a few week after the *exposé* described above I married Venetia Montague. Before adding another word to this narrative I must stop and correct that last sentence. I do not wish to be understood as saying that 'I married Venetia Montague,' but that Venetia Montague married me.

"It took her no trouble to get over her misplaced passion for 'Lionel Dewar,' or rather Alice Johnson. She metaphorically spurned her curiously constituted lover with her foot as she lay there fainting on the duelling ground, and accompanied me home to my studio. Arrived there, she stood looking at the picture, and sighed and said:

"'It was a devilish pity; but you were right all along. You detected the woman beneath, didn't you?' Without waiting for any answer she continued in a kind of soliloquy: 'Diana and Hermaphroditus! that was a grand idea! That is an idea which Swinburne should weave into a deathless poem. I wonder how a picture of Diana and a Cripple would look?' Turning to me, she said: 'I want you to paint your own figure instead of that Endymion.'

"I sympathized with the woman, and I did not answer except by a smile that I intended should be sympathetic.

"'Won't you do as I wish,' she asked; 'or *would you prefer having the picture, instead of painting it?*'

"'What do you mean, mademoiselle?' I asked.

"She put her massive arms around my neck. She gazed at me with her burning eyes. She kissed my lips, and next day she was my wife.

"From that wretched hour my life became one of watching. I knew that the assassins were at work. I was intended to be the victim of a skillfully applied series of small doses of a deadly poison. Venetia was unremitting in her kindness, but the secrets of her bosom were darkness to me. I could only guess them by the reflected soul-light of her fellow-conspirator.

"The new 'maid,' I perceived, was especially fond of my oldest claret. Bottle after bottle disappeared from the bin. Wine was the only beverage I permitted myself to touch, and even then I sometimes left the table and went outside. I saw that the assassins were foiled; but my wife was not unaware of my suspicions.

"'It appears to me, Algernon, that you never take bite nor sup in the house,' she remarked one day.

"'I am trying Hungarian cooking,' I carelessly remarked.

"'Always making a practice of drawing the corks of my wine, I now began to examine the seal with a microscope. On one occasion I discovered the wax-coat of the precaution. I saw that the cork had been tampered with. A careful inspection convinced me that it had been carefully perforated, and the orifice closed with wax. I drew the cork from that bottle. I broke another bottle, and carefully transferred the wine to the suspected bottle, and I placed it in the bin.

"At midnight I was awakened with a dreadful din. The new 'maid' was in the agonies of dissolution. She had drunk the whole of the bottle of poisoned claret. Venetia stood quivering and pale at the foot of the bed.

"'*Ah! so he was caught in his own trap!*' I carelessly remarked as the poor wretch writhed in inexpressible torture.

"'Curse you!' she cried. 'I will be avenged for this, Algernon!' and she shook a gleaming, dagger-like bayonet in her hand and fled from the room and from the house.

* * * * * * *

It is five years since the death of the disguised paramour. I have moved for safety's sake this villa near Boulogne, for I have a premonition that my wife will execute vengeance on me some day with that weapon—that peculiar dagger—for I have dreampt of it over and over again.

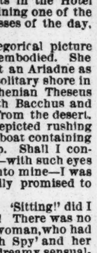
There the manuscript ended, but it gave the detectives no clue. They were not slow to follow. They succeeded in getting on the trail of the disguised woman, and one night were on the point of capturing her, when she escaped, but only to fall into the clutches of the police which the Seine fishermen set at night and draw in the morning.

In the corpse Petrie identified the woman who had sold him the shrimps, while the telegraph-operator at Calais felt morally certain that the drowned woman was the person who handed in the message for the servant of the Villa Solferino.

As M. Clere died intestate, the whole of his vast wealth would have become the property of his widow, had Crime proved triumphant.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO SINGS ONE SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.



Some of us know this young lady well—to our sorrow. She was invited to an evening entertainment, we know she will be there. She is never ill, unfortunately. She never has a cold. Her presence is certain as death—would it were as silent. Should the hostess be unmusical, or have made up her mind that her entertainment be an exception to the general rule, some kind friend gently suggests "Miss Justready sings." It would not do to answer. "We know it too well;" so Miss Justready is invited to sing. Notice the solemn and solid silence that falls on the company—the American audience assisting at a musical entertainment generally wears a melancholy expression—but this is more than melancholy. Deathly silence reigning, the everlasting "Brook" begins to run, and will, as far as we can judge from past experience, "run on forever." We project ourselves into the future and see the singer of a single song, middle-aged, elderly, old, but still coming to time at every party, and appreciate the saying of the ancient sage: "The thing that has been is the thing that shall be, and there is no thing new under the sun." Still, mankind might reconcile itself to the young lady who sings one song, if it could only feel assured that the young lady in question would always confine her efforts to the social atmosphere of the drawing-room. But that assurance is not to be had. On the contrary, there is always the shadowy suspicion that she has designs, so to speak, on the professional stage. If she sticks to "The Brook"—which, looking unpleasantly like a prominition, is supposed, as classical—the suspicion may always remain a shadow; but if she comes to wrestle with "Grandfather's Clock" or "Little Buttercup," it may be assumed, as morally certain, that the shadows are fast taking on the form of substance. Then it is time for the friends of the young lady who sings one song to take her in hand. She is getting to be dangerous.

The Ship of the Future.

After pointing out the great faults and failures of the present style of ocean vessels, a writer in *The American Ship* avers that the ship of the future will carry no ballast. If a sailing vessel, her sail area and displacement will be so well balanced that, if the rudder were lost and disabled, the vessel could be guided on her course by her sails. The centre of effort of sails and of gravity of vessel will be adjustable, so as to harmonize with the griping influences of the lee-line of flotation. The ships of the future will be practicable, for they will be built for and with a specific service, on scientific principles; they will be designed, built, loaded and navigated, as they never have been, with direct reference to their equilibrium of stability, the safety of vessel and cargo, with the lives of those on board. The rating characterization of vessels will then be determined by an international or an independent board: the British Lloyds will have passed away. The material of vessels will be steel for metallic, and bent timber frames for wooden vessels. Under this new dispensation of genius, ocean, mail and passenger steamers will be non-sinkable, and make their Atlantic trips in six instead of seven and a half days, with a roll-angle not exceeding eight degrees.

DR. ZIEMIALKOWSKI, at present Minister for Agriculture in Vienna, is a Pole by extraction. The celebrated Eastern traveler Count Jean de Potocki undertook, nearly a century ago, a journey through the Persian Desert to the Khanates of Central Asia. On his way over the dreary wastes he came across a half-starved little boy, who had been lost or purposely abandoned by a Persian caravan traversing the desert a couple of days in advance of Potocki. The Count adopted this forlorn little waif, and took him back to Europe with him. Arrived at his estate in Galicia, he put the boy to school, giving him the name of Ziemialkowski—"offspring of mother earth," from the Polish words "zie" and "mia," supplemented by the terminal that corresponds in that tongue to the Celtic "ap," the Hebrew "ben," and the Norman "Fitz." The actual Minister for Agriculture is the great grandson of this stray Persian lad.

JO COOK ON BOB INGERSOLL: "His lack of religion sufficiently illustrates his lack of sense." Bob Ingersoll on Jo Cook: "His philosophy is the theology of New England, seasoned with poor German thought—that is to say, he mixes sauer kraut with his beans."

CLIPPER SONGS:
OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

Dar's Room Up Dar For All.

BY SAM MURDY. DEDICATED TO WALTER BRAY.

Dis shattered body's wracked wid pain,
And death am drawing nigh—
I think ob happy days dat's passed,
And heab the bitter sigh.
Reflection now recalls to mind
Dear friends ob long-ago,
Which causes dis poor heart to ache
And scalding tears to flow.

Chorus.—But soon I'll be wid him above—
When I h'ar de trumpet call—
It makes no difference cause I'se black,
Dar's room up dar for all.

I'll meet de folks dat's gone before—
Dey'll welcome me, I know;
I'll see de little children dar,
And good old wife, Aunt Chloe;
Den I'll shout de hallelujah,
And I'll praise de lam' on high—
I'll see dat gospel-lamp burn bright,
And wid golden wings I'll fly.

Leadville, Col., Nov., 1879.

I'm Gwine Back to Georgia.

BY J. D. NEPPERT.

I'm gwine back to Georgia,
De place whar I was born;
I want to see de home
'Mongst de sugar-cane an' corn;
I sigh for de ole plantation,
An' de frens I lub so well—
I'm gwine back to Georgia,
Forever dar to dwell.

Chorus.—I'm gwine back to Georgia,
De place I lub so well;
I'm gwine back to Georgia,
Forever dar to dwell.

I'm gwine back to Georgia,
I'se tired ob wanderin' roun',
For I miss de happy darkies
An' de banjo's sweetest sound.
Ole massa will be glad, I know,
To see Uncle Ned again;
Then back to Georgia I mus' go,
Among de sugar-cane.

I'm gwine back to Georgia,
I can no longer stay,
For I'se gettin' ole an' feeble,
Life am ebbing fast away.
So I'll trabbel right along,
I'll git dar by an'-bye—
I'm gwine back to Georgia,
To stay until I die.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct., 1879.

Somebody's Coming When the Bill Falls Due.

TO MY CHRONIC CREDITORS—BY LEW COLEMAN,
CLOWN OF THE STAR PANTOMIME TROUPE.

Somebody's coming when the bill falls due,
Somebody's coming for a quiet interview;
He will be welcome to the best I can do,
So I'll keep a little club for him!
I was happy as the day is long,
And no one shall make me look blue,
For he's coming, coming right along,
And I'll meet him when the bill falls due.
Chorus.—Somebody's coming, coming surely!
Coming when the bill falls due;
You'll be welcome to the best I can do,
Ot the little club I have for you.

Somebody's coming when the purse grows light,
Somebody's coming with a dun to-night—
The stars will now be hidden by the clouds so bright
When my little billy swings to him;
I will meet him at the garden-gate,
And the meeting he will surely rue,
For he's coming, coming surely,
And I'll meet him when the bill falls due.

Somebody's coming with a bill now due,
And he will try to keep it so far
One little story that is never new—
'Tis the one I dislike to hear.
Hark, he's coming, for I hear his tread,
The lightest, to his dunning nature true;
For he's coming, coming surely,
And I'll meet him when the bill falls due.

Golden Tresses, Come Again.

WORDS BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH, AND MUSIC BY PHIL P. KEIL.

Where the lily-bells lie dreaming,
By the brooklet's mossy shore,
Where the sunset bars are beaming
Through the leafets nodding o'er,
When the twilight sheds its glories
Over all the greenwood, then
I'll be lonely, and the sweetest stories—
Golden Tresses, come again.

Chorus.—Come to meet me, Golden Tresses;
I'll be waiting for you then
With sweet kisses and caresses—
Golden Tresses, come again.

Where the zephyrs, softly blowing,
Seem like music low and sweet,
Where the brook, forever flowing,
Sings a song for love complete,
Where there falls the hush of slumber,
I'll be watching, darling, then,
Counting all the moments number—
Golden Tresses, come again.

Where the roses bend and listen
To the waters rippling by,
Till the stars shall gleam and glisten
In the blue and starry sky,
Till the birds have hushed their singing
Over meadow, hill and glen,
I will wait your sweet voice ringing—
Golden Tresses, come again.

MANAGERS AND PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM TIREBUCK.

To those who have watched the affairs of our metropolitan theatres from a critic's rather than a placid playgoer's point of view it must be apparent that of late there has been little evidence of any new power in dramatic authorship in our midst, and that on the other hand there has been abundant evidence that the old powers, for the present at least, are exhausted. We have long been standing still, long been playing upon a few select and well-known but surely rather favored recorders—recorders whose stops have emitted very much the same kind of tones, except when a sensational tune from a foreign organ has been brought into vogue. We have had original native comedies, sometimes approaching, in one extreme, farce; and sometimes, in another extreme, drama; and, in addition, we have had numerous adaptations from the French. Native authorship has given us wit and repartee, and foreign authorship has given us situation and effect. It is a long time since we had the two qualities combined, and accompanied by something essentially English, in the way of true and sterling work. The refers to comedy. Whether an Englishman will ever write tragedy that will allure certain managers a little from the Elizabethan and a much more recent period seems just now very doubtful. That is the cause of much, the interest departed in the theatre for the remainder of this century, and left us to the weak monotony of borrowing from over the Channel? It would seem so, and yet the age that is rife with remarkable novelists who have notions of dramatic art—of the relation of fiction to fiction's duality—and, if need be, poetical individuality—ought, one would think, have some connection with dramatists. Not that one is the necessary outcome of the other, but there is, nevertheless, a literary affinity. The heights in novel-writing have been reached which suggest the possible proximity of the other.

Are then highly creditable, yea, even powerful plays lost to us owing to no fault of the writers? May not the present arrangements of managers repel rather than invite and encourage creative new effort? Is, in short, the stage as approachable to new writers as in the interest of dramatic art it ought to be? I put the suggestion in this form to avoid appearing dogmatic. I do not say that unknown shakespeares, Jonsons, Sheridans and Goldsmiths are actually languishing in obscurity; I only suggest that a worthy Will, Ben, Brinsley or Oliver may be among some of the MSS. that managers receive, but pass in favor of known handwriting. The management is not to be unduly justified in this course on the grounds of security and business. They would rather endure the ills they have—for they have ills, even with known names—than fly to others they know not of. Granted, it must be, that the production of a new play by an unknown writer as matters are now, is a more serious undertaking than producing work from a tested hand. But, in a better condition of affairs, the difference in risk would not be so great. Managers, for example, ought to have ears to accept the work of a new writer. They ought to be self-assured as to the merits of things about them, be the authors who they may. This may sound like common common-place, and empty chaff well meant for grain; but in the face of what the stage has recently done, how are we to be satisfied that they are always so assured? Are they not, by their conduct, virtually commission well-known writers to produce too much, and leave the works of new men untested, even to the extent of being unread? It is, of course, borne in mind that the new play, with its chances of merit in all else, may not prove a success on the stage. Stage-success has so many conditions of its own, has so much to do with actors, and is so dependent upon current public feeling, that speculation and risk must attend, to a certain extent, the production of every new work. But I believe that if managers were a little more critical in their selections, and with a wider range to select from, and trusted less to the chapter of accidents, the stage would not suffer as many failures as it has suffered in the way of admittedly weak work.

Modern managerial engagements, I will own, are certainly very complex. So entirely are the directors of stage affairs absorbed in the business of producing, that they have not, perhaps, opportunities for properly selecting. It will not, therefore, be hoping to have Madame De Pailly banished from the too looking too much into other people's business to suggest that they ought to employ a person for the task. In this appointment alone would be too much a sinecure, other duties in connection with the stage, and requiring knowledge, culture and literary acumen, could be added. Why should there not be a theatrical manager's reader as well as a publisher's reader—that unobtrusive MS. worm known to the public only by the name of his eminent firm. This may, to a limited extent, already be done in some theatres, but it cannot be as systematic and genuine as circumstances now require. There were days, primitive days of strolling-players, when the proprietor, manager, stage-carpenter and scene-painter were combined in the one wonderful individual; but expansion necessitated a division of labor, and in due course these departments have become to be represented by tens rather than by units. The theatrical profession, more than ever expanded, now requires another addition—an auxiliary to do justice to a department so important that it affects the standard of national plays; and not only this, but the pockets of managers; for the sooner their art by its all-round excellence recommends itself to general support, the sooner will those people (who at present, on sometimes false and sometimes justified ground, turn their backs on the theatre) join the army of playgoers. It is true that professional readers as well as managers may become negligent, indifferent, and may indeed become the favorers of a few names; but the manager can at least hold his servant up to his duty, though he neglect or corrupt his own. Professional readers, too, would not be infallible. They would also be liable to errors of judgment; but care of reputation and position would make them watchful, with this advantage to new playwrights, playgoers and dramatic literature—that more works would be put to a reasonable test, instead of accumulating dust in the mysterious chambers of the stage. The single reader would be more capable of good government than, say, a specially-organized committee of able judges to whom writers could submit works and to wt om managers could apply for likely material for their market, both paying commission for the accommodation. It would also be better than establishing middlemen—brokers—in dramatic literature, who could supply managers with works, from the uproarious farce to the breathless tragedy, all as guaranteed as the patent-medicines. We want men who, irrespective of manager, author, critic and playgoer, will honestly read and pronounce an opinion upon new material submitted to them, on which opinion the managers can act as they, from a business point—for it must always in the end come to this—think best. We want more art adequately represented in the now gigantic business of the stage, and the professional manager's reader might be elected as its jealous representative and advocate.—*The* (London) *Theatre.*

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Loved and Lost,"

a drama founded by Joseph Hatton and Arthur Mathison upon Mrs. Burnett's novel, "Howarth, or the Man of the North," was produced at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., Nov. 3. It was written for Mr. and Mrs. Billington, and the plot is thus described: In the prologue we make the acquaintance of several of the characters who afterwards figure in the drama, chief among them being Mrs. Howarth and her boy Jim. They are in very humble circumstances, and poor little Jim, worn with privation, is on the point of death in his mother's arms. But this crisis passes away, and the forlorn little fellow is spared to become the architect of his own fortunes, and to rule where he once had to starve. In the first act we find Howarth, a man in the prime of life, a self-made man. He is an ironmaster in a large way of business, and gives employment to a large number of hands. Amongst the latter is an agitator of the type made familiar to us in novels, and doubtless having an existence in a modified form in real life. Black Tipton harangues his mates upon the vexed questions that are constantly in debate between labor and capital, and in thoroughly demagogic style, his inevitable instances being, of course, a strike. More particularly are his fulminations directed against inventions intended, as he bitterly puts it, to take the bread out of the workingman's mouth, since they will enable employers to supersede manual labor by machinery. Stephen Murdoch, a young man whose inventive genius threatens to modify considerably the existing order of things at Broxham, the scene of the play, is especially obnoxious to Black Tipton and his associates, and it is evident that a storm is brewing that will soon burst over his devoted head. But a far more important character than Black Tipton presently appears on the scene, far more inimical to Murdoch's peace of mind than even Black Tipton, and this is Rachel Ffrench, a young lady whose father has long since entered into partnership with Howarth. In her Howarth, too, reads his destiny. His is a strong, passionate, overbearing nature, powerful either for good or ill, and to whom opposition, however formidable, simply means something to be beaten down. Indeed, the play is very little more than a psychological study, of which Howarth is the subject. In the pursuit of wealth and social position he has had but little time to cultivate external graces, or even to polish up his powerful idiomatic style of expression. His is a manner little calculated to win a woman's heart: the haughty beauty of Rachel Ffrench is not to his taste, and he enters into a compact with Murdoch, with the terrible news that the men on strike are coming to the cottage to execute summary vengeance on the inventor, whose machines, they hold, have robbed them of a living. But it is also known to Howarth that Murdoch resolves to face the danger with her lover; there is just time to barricade the doors and windows, and then the mob attack the place. The door resists their attacks, but the rioters are not to be foiled, Crowbars and pickaxes are brought into requisition, and the bricks, of which the house is built, begin to f

precisely the same sliding or slipping process in almost exactly the same place. The balls were left well for Daly, but he failed to handle them as dexterously as his ambition prompted, and once gave expression to self-condemnation. The "leave" was worth but 20 to him, and in the eleventh inning Schaefer again got the left-hand rail, and rapidly made more caroms to the lineal foot than Carter had done against Sexton to the square foot. At 91 his ball fell short, and thus, by the first object-ball crossing the table and kissing the other ball up to the striker's own, was made the first "scratch" of the night. In this generally artistic run of 98 there was some little round-the-table play, conspicuous four times in the fact that the second object-ball was just skimmed, and in the additional fact that in the 99th shot, also a vigorous one around-the-table, the striker failed to hit the first ball, and yet left the spheres absolutely safe. It was as a rail-player that Schaefer showed his strength, and professionals could appreciate the ease with which he made easy shots possible. Around-the-table he hit the balls far less solidly than Daly, who played a kind of billiards that was infinitely more pleasing to the eye than his opponent's. Daly earned more applause in any twenty-five consecutive shots than Schaefer commanded in his entire 300; yet, viewed professionally, Daly labored, while Schaefer was free, rapid and lucky, and accomplished all the more because he was unwell, having a sore throat. It is a singular circumstance that, although Maurice made almost one-half the game in one inning, his "average" was not so high as in playing Carter, when he made no run above 52. This would seem to suggest that it is by short steps that Daly goes farthest, inasmuch as when he makes a big jump it takes him a long time to recover from the consternation of the magnitude of it. His average was 16.2-14, and Schaefer's exactly 20.

SCHAEFER.		DALY.		SCHAEFER.		DALY.	
Inn.	*Runs.*	*Tot.*	*Runs.*	*Tot.*	*Inn.*	*Runs.*	*Tot.*	*Runs.*	*Tot.*
1....	7		4		9....	122		169	
2....	1	8	4	8	10....	5	174	8	212
3....	2	5	23x	81	11....	98	272	1	213
4....	36	53	17	98	12....	1	273	0	213
5....	9	62	7	55	13....	2	275	12	225
6....	0	62	123	178	14....	4	279	1	226
7....	0	62	5	183	15....	21	300		
8....	0	67	1	184					

The games of Saturday, Nov. 22, and possibly the bare results of the following Monday's, which will close the tournament proper, will be found on an inside page.

BASEBALL.

EXTRA-INNINGS GAMES.

The games in which more than the usual quota of innings are played are, of course, the most closely contested and exciting of each season, and in view of this fact a resume of the unusually lengthened ones may prove interesting to our readers. Singularly enough, one of the first extra-innings games on record required sixteen innings before it was decided, the contestants being the Gotham and Knickerbockers of this city, the date June 30, 1854, and the scene of operations the old Red House Ground, at what is now 106th street and Second avenue. In those days, it may be remembered, the game was won by the nine making twenty-one runs or over on even innings, and this total of runs was sometimes made in one or two innings. The same clubs met again late in the season of 1854, and played two-inning games, with the score 15 to 12 each, the preceding protracted contest having been won by the Gothams. Eleven years elapsed before another remarkable contest occurred, and the match played between the Gothams of this city and the Enterprise of Brooklyn on July 4, 1865, required thirteen innings before it could be decided in favor of the former by a score of 19 to 18. The Gothams were indebted to a decision of the umpire for the run that tied the score in the ninth inning, Dockney being fielded out at first base, but being allowed to hold that point by the umpire, on the ground that the baseman had purposely prevented him from reaching his base. Three years later, in May, 1868, an eleven-inning game was played between New York and Brooklyn, rendered remarkable by the fact that New York, without a short-stop and with but eight men, were only beaten, after a prolonged struggle, by the one base that Brooklyn could then produce. The next most exciting and closely contested game wherein extra innings were required took place on June 14, 1870, between the Atlantics and Cincinnatis, and nearly ten thousand persons witnessed it. It was played on the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn. Eleven innings were played before the Atlantics managed to get in the winning run, and thus destroy the prestige of Cincinnati's invincibility, which had marked their career during 1869, and, in fact, up to the date of that game. Such a scene of excitement has rarely been witnessed on a ball-field as was exhibited on the Capitoline Ground that afternoon. In 1871 the only notable contest was one on Oct. 6 of eleven innings, in which the Bostons defeated the Mutuals by a score of 5 to 4. Each succeeding season after this, mainly owing to the introduction of a very dead or non-elastic ball, witnessed an increased number of extra-inning games, there being one of twelve and two of eleven innings played in 1872, one of the latter being a tie; and these, too, were played by strong professional nines, the others requiring too much space to even enumerate. The baseball season of 1873 was one of surprises in the number of games in which more than the usual quota of innings were played. The game between the Philadelphias and Atlantics on Sept. 12 proved to be the most exciting and finest ever contested up to that date, it being necessary to play fourteen innings before either side could claim the victory, the Philadelphias then just managing to win by 3 to 2, after the score for seven consecutive innings had stood a tie. But for an unfortunate slip of Burdock's and consequent wild throw in the fourteenth inning, a fifteenth would have been necessary, and the probability is that darkness alone would have ended the game. Another extraordinary contest that season was the one on May 14, between the Athletic and Philadelphia nines. For the first time in games between professional clubs, thirteen innings had to be played before the mooted question of superiority was settled in favor of the Philadelphias by a score of 5 to 4. A most difficult running-catch by Murnan saved the Athletics from being defeated in the ninth inning. The Athletics also figured in another thirteen-inning contest on July 21, and again were defeated, their opponents this time being the Baltimores. An erroneous decision of the umpire prolonged the playing, as it did in the thirteen-inning game between the Gothams and Enterprise in 1865, the Athletics having really won in the eleventh inning; but the umpire refused to allow a run to score on the misaken idea that the base-runner had not reached home before the third man was put out at third base. The score was 12 to 11, both nines batting heavily and fielding brilliantly. The only lengthened contest between professional nines during the season of 1874 was that of the Philadelphias and Hartfords, at Hartford, Ct., on Aug. 11, when twelve innings were required to decide the game in favor of the Philadelphias by a score of 6 to 5. Eight professional games of ten innings each were played, one of them being the first game played in England by the Athletics and Bostons, the former winning by a score of 14 to 11.

Several games were played in 1875, requiring from ten to thirteen innings to decided which was victorious, one of the most remarkable being played at Brooklyn July 13 between the St. Louis and the Mutual Clubs. In the ninth inning, after two were out, Holdsworth's error gave Pike the tieing run, and in the thirteenth inning three safe hits gave the St. Louis Browns two more runs, and enabled them to win by a score of 9 to 7. Two games of twelve innings were played, the Philadelphias defeating the Chicagos 5 to 2, and the Mutuals gaining their first victory over the Bostons by a score of 6 to 3. Five games of eleven innings were played, the most noteworthy being the extraordinary contest between the Chicagos and Hartfords on June 19, at Chicago, in which the home-team scored their solitary run in the eleventh inning, while the Hartfords failed to score. It may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that the winning run on this occasion, and also in the fourteen-inning contest between the Philadelphias and Atlantics in 1873, was credited to the same man, viz., Derrick, and each time by a wild throw of Burdock's. In eight games the playing of ten innings was necessary, two ending in a tie and two more being won by the Athletics twice making eight runs in the tenth inning.

The season of 1876 witnessed some of the most extraordinary games ever recorded in the annals of baseball, two of the most noteworthy being between the Mutuals and Louisvilles, on the latter's ground, at Louisville, Ky., on July 8 and 10. On the first day, (Saturday) they had played fifteen innings, with the score still remaining a tie at five each, when darkness caused a cessation of play, and a postponement to the following Monday. So evenly matched were the two contestants that no fewer than sixteen innings were played when they again met before victory was secured by the Mutuals by a score of 8 to 5, *thirty-one innings* in all being thus required to settle the match. The Louisvilles tied the score in the ninth inning of the first game by making four earned runs, and the Mutuals won the second game by making the same number of earned runs in the sixteenth inning. Treacy's outfielding was a prominent feature of these two wonderful games, putting out as he did twenty-three men, mostly by difficult running catches. On June 7 the Rhode Islands and Tauntons met at Providence, R. I., and played the then unprecedented number of seventeen innings before the former club managed to win by a score of 4 to 2. Critchley and Keenan, now with the Albanys, were the pitcher and catcher of the Rhode Islands. Another model game of this memorable season was the one on June 21, at Louisville, Ky., between the Hartfords and Louisvilles, the opposing nines working hard and exhibiting grand play through thirteen innings, darkness then putting an end to it with the honors even-score, 5 to 5. The tie was played off on the following day, and the home-team, who went first to the bat, were blanked nine times in succession, and eight times consecutively did they pay back the Hartfords in their own coin; but in the ninth inning fortune favored the latter, and they earned three runs, twenty-two innings being thus required to settle the question of superiority between these two clubs. The Alleghenys defeated the St. Louis Reds in a thirteen-inning game on June 26 by a score of 5 to 4. Two twelve-inning games were also played, a magnificent catch by Holdsworth concluding the one between the Mutuals and Athletics on May 2 in favor of the former by a score of 3 to 2, and Pike's wild throw enabling the Bostons to defeat the St. Louis Browns on July 4 by a score of 4 to 3.

The season of 1877 was the most memorable one in this respect known in the annals of the national game. On May 11, the Manchesters and Harvard College nine played the most remarkable extra-inning game on record, *twenty-four innings, without a run*, being completed, when darkness caused a cessation of play. As is generally the case in these lengthened contests, a very soft ball was used, as is proved by the fact that but few hits were made outside of the infield in the entire twenty-four innings. Ernst, the catcher of the Harvards, put out thirty-six men, this being the greatest number ever put out by any player in a single game. Cogswell of the Manchesters put out thirty-one men at first base. In 1869 a game was played at Buffalo in which the winning nine scored 209 runs. This was the extreme on the side of the lively ball then in use, and this twenty-four-inning game was an extreme case on the other side, illustrating the characteristics of the dead ball. A similar game to the above was played at Allegheny, Pa., on June 2, when the Memphis nine defeated the Allegheny Club by a score of 3 to 2, after *nineteen innings* had been completed. The ball became very soft after half a dozen innings. An eighteen-inning game was also played on July 9, 1877, the contestants being the Tecumsehs of London, Ont., and the Buckeyes of Columbus, O. Each club had scored but one run at the close of the eighteenth inning, and then the contest was declared a draw on account of darkness. McCormick and Goldsmith, both of whom are now with the Chicagos, were the pitchers, and the delivery of the former was more than usually effective, not one of the Canadian team reaching first base until the eighth inning, when they tied their opponents' score. The first meeting on May 12 of that year between the Syracuse Stars and the St. Louis

JOHN C. CHAPMAN, Manager,

was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is now about thirty-six years of age. The following will give our readers an insight into his previous career on the ball field. He first became prominent as a player in 1860, when he was a member of the Enterprise, a junior club of his native city. Two seasons afterwards he linked his fortunes with the Atlantics, in company with the Joy brothers, Fred Crane, the latter making their first appearance with the then champions on Aug. 11, 1862. With the exception of the season of 1867, when he played with the Quaker City's of Philadelphia, and that of 1871, when he captained the Eckfords through a successful season, Chapman remained with the Atlantics from 1862 to 1873, inclusive, during which period he made an enviable reputation as an outfielder, some of his long running-catches bordering on the marvelous, one especially in the Atlantic-Mutual game on Aug. 15, 1868, being a grand termination to a great game, and the thousands who witnessed both will ever couple the two together. Altogether Chapman figured favorably with the Atlantics of Brooklyn in over three hundred games, filling the pitcher's position very effectively a number of times. His services were secured by St. Louis in 1875, and he played right field for their newly-organized professional nine in a very creditable manner. In 1876 he organized and managed the Louisville Club, and besides played in eighteen games, and that was his last season of active participation in the game, his rapidly increasing weight making outfield work a rather difficult matter. He continued to manage the Louisvilles in 1877, and filled the duties of his onerous position with rare tact and executive ability. In 1878 he was the manager of the Milwaukees. During the past season he managed the professional club of Holyoke, Mass., and much of the success gained by him, he devoting all his energies to making the famous hard-hitting Holyokes second to none in the country. Several prominent professional clubs were negotiating for Chapman's services next season as a manager, but he signed on Nov. 19 with the new professional club of Springfield, Mass. Chapman's honorable and straightforward conduct, and affable and courteous demeanor both on and off the ball-field, have won him deserved popularity during his long professional career.

team was an exceptional contest that resulted in a draw after fifteen innings had been played without a run being scored by either nine. It was the first time in the history of the national game that fifteen innings had been played without a run being credited to either side. Five fourteen-innings games were played that season, the most noteworthy being between Indianapolis and Lowell on June 8, and Fall River and Manchester on June 19 in the positions together again, and give them the required field support, and it would be difficult for any team to take the pennant from them. It may be that both will again find suitable mates, but certainly neither had them last season. Look at Spalding and White. There was another fine working battery that was there with the brothers White this season. To place drinking players in "batteries" is to throw away money and all chance of success for an otherwise strong nine. The play in both positions, but especially in that of the pitcher, is such as to call for clearness of judgment, steadiness of nerve, quickness of perception, and keenness of sight, not to mention the muscular strength required, and the courage, pluck and endurance which indulgence in liquor entirely deprives one of.

In July there were but two matches played at Hoboken, and in August—the vacation month of the season—but three. In September the international matches occupied all the attention the club members could devote to cricket on their own grounds; but in October things were a little more lively, five club contests taking place at Hoboken.

The St. George record of club contests—not including the international matches—for the season of 1879 was as follows:

May 15, Staten Island vs. St. George, 2d elevens, at Hoboken; won by Staten Island by 66 and 70—136—to 62 and 44—106.

May 17, Staten Island vs. St. George, 1st elevens, at Staten Island; won by former by five wickets, 57 and 46—103—to 36 and 66—102.

June 4 and 5, Young America vs. St. George, 1st elevens, at Hoboken; won by former by 175 to 43 and 76—119.

June 7, Columbia College vs. St. George, 1st elevens vs. 2d elevens, at Hoboken; won by former by 41 and 74—115—to 54 and 53—107.

June 12, Manhattan vs. St. George, at Prospect Park, 2d elevens; won by former by 62 to 40.

June 21, St. George vs. Albany, 1st elevens, at Albany; won by St. George by 81 and 100—181—to 44 and 65—109.

June 26, St. George vs. Manhattan, 1st elevens, at Hoboken; won by former by 191 to 131.

July 4, St. George vs. Albany, at Hoboken, 1st elevens; drawn match, by 149 to 149.

July 11, St. George vs. Lingwood, at Hoboken, 1st elevens; won by former by 180 to 71.

July 23, Merion vs. St. George, 2d elevens, at Hoboken; won by former by 111 and 28—139, with 6 wickets to fall—to 52 and 86—138.

Aug. 2, Staten Island vs. St. George, junior elevens, at Staten Island; won by former by 81 to 1 and 19—20.

Aug. 7, St. George vs. Columbia, 2d elevens vs. 1st elevens, at Hoboken; won by former by 62 and 47—109 (no wickets to fall)—to 68 and 40—108.

Aug. 16, St. George vs. Paterson, first elevens, at Hoboken; won by former by 108 to 69.

Aug. 23, St. George vs. Staten Island, second elevens, at Staten Island; won by former by 66 and 132—198—to 47 and 81—78.

Aug. 25, Hamilton vs. St. George, first elevens, at Hoboken; drawn on account of rain, by 98, with but two wickets down to 47.

Sept. 4, Young America vs. St. George, second elevens, at Hoboken; won by former by 141 to 29.

Sept. 8, Paterson vs. St. George, first elevens, at Paterson; won by former, with four wickets to fall, by 24 and 32—56—to 35 and 29—64.

Sept 18, New York vs. St. George, first eleven vs. second eleven, at Hoboken; won by former by 79 and 44—113—to 63 and 28—91.

Oct. 2, St. George vs. Columbia, second eleven vs. first eleven, at Hoboken; won by former by 101 and 54—155—to 50 and 37—87.

Oct. 8, St. George vs. Columbia, second eleven vs. first eleven, at Hoboken; won by former by 65 to 63.

Oct. 9, St. George vs. New York, second eleven vs. first eleven, at Hoboken; won by former by 79 to 52.

Oct. 16, St. George vs. Orange, second eleven vs. first eleven, at Hoboken; won by former by 104 to 54 and 45—74.

Oct. 22, St. George vs. Columbia College, second eleven vs. first eleven, at Hoboken; won by 37 runs on first inning—65 and 146 to 28.

DAFT'S TEAM HOME AGAIN.

Our mail advices give full particulars of the safe arrival of Daft's team at Liverpool, Eng., on Nov. 4. Before the party broke up and returned to their respective homes it was presented in a body at the Angel Hotel in that city, at which Richard Daft presided, with Alfred Shaw in the vice-chair. After luncheon, A. Shaw proposed the health of Daft and Ford, and referred to the admirable manner in which the tour through America had been conducted, and in conclusion he presented a gold pencil-case to each of those gentlemen, on behalf of the men. T. Emmett, on behalf of the Yorkshiremen in the team, endorsed what had been said by Alfred Shaw. The chairman, in replying, thanked the team warmly for the interest taken in the field meetings of the club, one result being that it became difficult to get out an eleven even for match-games; and when this was done, the players were found to be so much out of form, from the want of practice, that defeat was not surprising

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Lottie
Adelie, Helen (of Olympic Thea., N. Y.)
Arnold, Ella
Annetta, Mlle.
Austin, Blanche (late of Kernan's Thea.)
Amon, Nellie (vocalist)
Anderson, Nellie (of Chrissie
Allyne, Kittie (of Comique, Washington)
Armond, Arzena
Bageari, Madam (of Oates' Op. Co.)
Bradley, Leanora
Bohrer, Mad. Chatterton
Bourdon, Mrs Jane
Crawford, Nellie
Cushing, Bellavoscalist)
Clifton's Mastodon Co., Viola
Casselli, Mrs. Fannie
Dery, Miss L. L.
DeFranchis, Mrs. S. A.
DeGranville, Mlle.
Devere, Ida
Rita, Mlle.
Ernstline, Kittie (of Rusell, Stat.)
Ethert, Kittie B.
Emmet, Mrs. E. E.
Fields, Julia (Mrs. J. Courtright)
Evens, Mrs. M. F.
Foy Sisters, Manager of

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Allen, W. W.
Ames, Emile & Pauline
Armond Bros. Minstrels
Ames, Emile
Adams, Burton
Adams, W. T.
Bird, Geo. C. (late of Tennyson's Co.)
Benson, Col.
Binney, Frank (Gibson & Binney)
Bray, W. H. (with P. T. Car Co.)
Buckley, Gate of Cotton & Buckley)
Bishop, — (manager, Hudson Theatre)
Bingham, — (ventriloquist)
Bush, T. Eben
Brown, F. A. (of Jane Coombs' Co.)
Boyer, T. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Brazzier, K. L.
Bloodgood, Harry
Butler, C. W. (Eng lish p omark)
Burton, J. (with Arnold Bros.)
Brazzier Bros.
Blake, Barry
Bunn, Walter, Co.
Barnum, G. W. (2)
Brockington, — (of Rich'd Ristz, Jerome
Brown, T. W. (Gilbert's Agent)
Barnum, Robinson (Barnum's Thea., Baltimore)
Brown, J. A. (late of Lotta's Co.)
Byron, Ed. (actor)
Bailey, J. (of Cooper & Bailey's Circus)
Bell, Frank
Bland, James
Bouine, —, (manager Alleghanians)
Brown, Jas. M.
Batchelor & Doris
Bailey, Geo. (of Uncle Tom Co.)
Blair, Billy (late of McVicker's)
Blanchett, C. E.
Bowen Ed. (of Georgia Minst.)
Banger, E. (of Baker & Baughter Enemies Co.)
Fox, F. (of S. W. P. & W.'s Minst.) (2)
Foster & Hughes
Francis, J. (of Carroll's Co.)
Fenton, Adam (2)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Wabash (Ind.), Post-office for the Agnes Wallace Company.

Answers to Correspondents.

[With the view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert here all replies to queries of correspondents which do not relate to amusements and which can be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those containing information concerning amusements. Questions that do not reach this office until Monday morning will not be answered until the following week. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or in print, to any question that is not of interest in common to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

TROTTER.—1. Lotta, Kitty Blanchard and Maggie Williamson are about the only prominent ones, and it is, perhaps, hardly safe to assert that any of the three but Lotta actually began there. 2. The difference is the same as between first and second old men, for example. There is a choice of parts. 3. Maggie Mitchell was never on the variety stage. It may be said that ninety per cent. of all the actresses who have been on the American stage for at least twenty years began their careers in the ballet.

C. W.—1. Dandy Jack is a character role, playing, chiefly in variety theatres. 2. Walter Grisdale is probably in England. 3. George Lingard died about four years ago. 4. The Fives were not played in the Old Bowery Theatre eight or nine years ago, nor even ten or eleven years ago; and we cannot tell you the date on which the upper tier gave way, if anything more than a board or two did give way.

W. L. W., Winchendon.—Salaries are regulated quite as much by the reputation of the performer as by the merit of the performance. If you have no reputation, we would not advise you to bid for more than thirty or forty dollars a week, notwithstanding that people in that line have got as high as twenty times the first-named sum for engagements. 2. It would cost $1 15 for one insertion.

E. K., Jacksonville.—1. We cannot give an answer that would be satisfactory to you. Better speculate yourself. The houses are undergoing changes every year; and, even if that were not the case, it would still be a matter of individual taste and opinion, as to what would please one person might offend another. 2. There is nothing but we are to take the color out.

T. J. L., Williamsburgh.—All Sines can be purchased through any music publisher. 2. Address Ed. James, whose card see elsewhere, for "Schneider's Ride" and "Somebody's Mother," as well as for "Sines." 3. The Ethiopian Melodist can be purchased of any music publishers, by asking for "Listen to the Water-wheel."

C. L., Beaver Dam.—A letter addressed to them in our care would reach them in all probability. We cannot undertake to keep people posted in this column with reference to the movements of professionals. Our amusement columns are for that purpose. We change nothing for the information we are able to give in this department.

S. S., Bay City.—Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane played together in "Our Governess" during the season of its production at the Park Theatre in this city, about three years ago. They have appeared together in "Our Bachelors," "A. D. 1900," "The Comedy of Errors" and a few other plays.

F. L., Montgomery.—This correspondent wishes to know if the feat of two ponies seesawing together has been performed in the United States before the season of 1879.

2. Would he oddness if it had not; but perhaps some of our readers can give us an idea as to dates.

E. H., Philadelphia.—Neither Lotta nor Morris nor Ed Bankers was the first to do the character business known as "The Mystic Chance." Banker has been doing a kind of change business for many years, but we think that at first it was from white to black face, or vice versa.

F. M., Cincinnati.—1. We cannot say whether he is married or not. 2. We have no knowledge of the present whereabouts of Mr. Moulton. 3. We send the card of Ed. James, who publishes a treatise on club-swinging, the price of which is thirty cents.

F. E. de Cost.—4. We know of no book with that title. 2. Do not know his address. 3. We have thousands of advertisements monthly, and cannot recollect particular ones, unless they are very striking. 4. Probably about $30 a week.

A. L. F., Youngstown.—1. It is too late now to make the exposition, except in a court of justice. 2. Such a title as "The Will o' the Wisp" has been used; but we do not think that there is any play in print with that title.

SLOW READER, Scottdale.—"Lorle," as played by Margie Mitchell is her own property, and is not published. You might be able to get the original German play, but we presume that you do not want it in that language.

A. G. W.—"The Danites" has been played at Booth's Theatre, this city. It has had necessarily to be played there within the last two years, if at all. It was last played there on Feb. 8, 1879.

STEUBENVILLE.—We do not give the addresses of professionals.

SUBSCRIBER.—Barnum's Museum, Ann street, this city, was burned July 13, 1865.

DETROIT.—Genin paid $225 for the choice ticket at Jenny Lind's first concert in this city, and Ossian E. Dodge $425 for the choice for her first concert in Boston.

W. L.—The last we heard of Alex. O'Brien he was in Australia. Call at the Theatre Comique, and make inquiry of his wild partner, Edward Harrigan.

R. ROE.—Your mortgage ought to protect your interests. The party's whereabouts you may see mentioned in our Dramatic Summary.

THEATRE GOER, New Orleans.—We must beg to be excused from naming them. It is altogether too difficult to draw the line.

E. R., Baltimore.—This correspondent wishes to know if Alexander Young is still with the drum-corps of Barnum's Circus.

MOLONEY, Philadelphia.—Mons. and Mme. D'Omer made their first appearance in this city about five years ago.

W. M. C., Jersey City.—The shortest way would be to advertise for him, or address a letter to him in our care.

T. B. B.—The Elks had a benefit at the Union-square Theatre, this city, on Nov. 23, 1876.

Miss F. S. C., N. Bennington.—See our amusement columns. No answers by mail.

GREENPOINT.—W. C. Coup's Show is to pass the Winter in Louisville, Ky.

M. C. K., Reading.—A. Lacroix, 38 East Houston street, this city.

A. H. L.—Actors like Edwin Booth seldom play on a salary.

S. B. S., Toledo.—See answer to "C. L., Beaver Dam."

W. H. E.—Pronounced Shake-speare.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 24, '79.

Monday before Thanksgiving, and indications point to a jollification along the whole line, and an assault upon turkey which promises to be entirely successful, and pleasant and agreeable to all parties save the turkeys. The crisp air of the past few days has been of great benefit to dealers in the bird, enabling them to bring large supplies into the city in a frozen condition, and to dispose of them at profitable prices. In anticipation of the good times coming, the fowl is on the best behavior and as happy as a blue-tailed fly in Summer time. Our numerous places of amusement have made ample provision for the entertainment of their patrons day and night, and it will not be the fault of our managers if general enjoyment is not the rule. The bills-of-fare are such as to suit and gratify every taste—combining music in every form: the circus has had an eye single to the little ones and their happy parents; the variety-theatre bills are brim full of that spice which makes life endurable, and affords much pleasure for a very small outlay; then there are the legitimate and the illegitimate theatres, with their variety of bills—the former dramas, the vaudeville house, with its budget of comicalities and excruciating absurdities, to say nothing of the bevy of beauties presented to the gaze of immaculate men; there is nothing left to be desired to make our Thanksgiving day a success. Success.....None but the brave deserve the Fair, and that's why the glorious Seventh is having such a crush of the fair at their Fair. Whether the Fair itself offers more attractions than the fair attendants at the booths is a mooted question, the latter getting the benefit of the alleged doubt. There has been an average nightly attendance of fifteen thousand visitors, the receipts for the opening week being about seventy-five thousand dollars, and the Fair still in its infancy. Hurrah!.....It has been an exciting week with the Williams trial, the Adams' trial, the hanging of several persons in different sections of the country, the booming of General Grant in his victorious march eastward, the many pranks assumed by the Hanlan and Courtney contestants, and the running of the latter to become of Courtney? "The woods is full of him"), the Colender Billiard Tournament at Tammany Hall, the turnup between Francis Chanfrau the actor and an unplayful adversary, the acceptance of Bogardus' sweeping shooting challenge to the world, and Bogardus' spirited rejoinder, agreeing to the English-man's terms, the arrival of President Hayes, the anti-rent agitation in Ireland, the indefinite movements of Sullivan and Gilbert, crushing of vessels in our harbor, the poisoning of a family with ice store-pies, the coming and going of the players, great expectations about the second edition of Cleopatra's Needle, marriages and deaths in the theatrical profession, departure of defeated politicans for Salt River and a march, and many other things too numerous to take stock of—verily, we have had our hands full.

There's a general boom along the whole line,
And the people are wild with delight;
There's cheers for the great Seventh Regiment,
And help the under dog in the fight!

.....The managers of a Winter garden uptown have just transplanted to their soil the great cornet-player Levy. And now, the management having come to Haverly's possession of the Mastodons, they will be announcing the exhibition of the great Levy-athan! And yet, in an advertisement in another column, J. P. Salmon, cornet-soloist, declares that *he* plays the "Levy-than" and raises "Cain" therewith." Salmon is a brick.....The "Mirthmakers" have a merry time in Harlem Music Hall on Thanksgiving-eve, and in addition to other specialities play the "Mischief," which makes them "Mischief" makers as well as "Mirthmakers."..... "Instantaneous successes," were pot so prevalent last week, as they are now.....Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the stars which were to have appeared in the firmament above on the night of Nov. 13 failed to show; but Prof. Richard Proctor promises them positively for Thanksgiving night, and no extra charge for reserved seats. We would advise the readers of *this* paper to get their smoked glasses ready. Other readers than ours can look out for themselves.....There is always interesting reading to be found among our advertisements. This week one gentleman advertises for an "understander." This is an appeal to our well-informed readers generally; but it may be as well to mention that the "understander" must be a good *tumbler* and equilibrist, with the accomplishment that this does not imply that he should be a professional drinker. Another gentleman, who is Himself all the time, wants an agent, one who is neither a drinker or a "masher." He ought to state, to prevent erroneous impressions among the advertiser, that he is only Hi by name—Hi. Henry, for instance.—ED.).....You will have to come down in the morning of Thanksgiving-day, Jimmy, as you will be needed to sieve the ashes. "How kin I give thanks if I'm down here in churches don't keep open only in the mornin', and I have to git in me thanks then, or I'm shut out for a year." Jimmy, there'll be a turkey in the cellar for you in the morn, and a pie in the cupboard as well. "I'll be down in the morning early, you bet; the thanks I can give you next year."..... A wheeze of a manner was relating to another sable son of Ham the story of Jonah swallowing the whale, the latter was disposed to question its truth; but the relater soon quenched him by saying "Jonah was hell for fish" And now, gentlemen of the colored profession, that *they* are likewise for shows; for in another column mention is made of a brother who, having just purchased a new suit of store clothes, sold it for half-price on seeing Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels parade through the town. Now, he has to take it in the show at night. And we are told that two thousand blacks visited Marshall, Texas, a few days ago, on purpose to attend the circus. And that is the town, you may remember, where Jim Corbett killed Ben Porter. But the most unique feature of Barnum—ll was all circus with them that day..... When any of our pictorial printers allude to "showcards" in their advertisements, it must not be supposed that they have a good hand in the game of poker!.....At the Theatre Comique they have a Master Cutter. This is a wise precaution, for the sketches or songs are too long, this official will cut them down.....With the Colender Billiard Tournament in operation, and the Seventh Regiment Fair making such rapid strides in public favor, the chances for a falling-off in the attendance at the theatres was not surprising last week; but this being Thanksgiving week, things theatrical ought to flourish like the proverbial green-bay tree. We are given to understand, through reports in the daily papers, that Kennon's and the Grand Opera House have both been or would remind our friends at large that the Seventh Regiment's is a grander Fair!.....

Josephine Meeker, ex-Indian captive and escapist, is the latest drawer in the lecture-bureau. As a platonist she is her brother Thomas to meet, but Joseph-ine she is not. We append a few lines of beautiful poetry,

ALL FOR JO.

She was caught up by the Indians,
And tot-d far away;
They led her and they led her
For many a sadful day;
But she met their gaze boldly,
And treated them so coldly,
That they closed their eyes against her
While the maiden went away;
And she lives to tell the story
By night as well as day

"Dr. Clyde" seems to be meeting with such success in his practice in the provinces that the people in the larger cities begin to *Oh, for Clyde.* [You may not catch the purport of this neat squib at a first reading; but when we accidentally mention, as it might be, that "ophicleide" is the name of this large brass instrument in a full band, you will doubtless no longer.—ED.]

Haverly's Theatre has Gotham hold of a taking play in "The Octoroon," and that which most delights the habitues is the great Bowie-knife fight. Fights are always attractive, else what would have induced so many high-toned ladies to attend the combat between William Edwards, Esquire, and Arthur Chambers, Esquire, at Wallack's Theatre, a few years ago, for managers: General Grant, on his visit to Philadelphia, will put in a day at Jersey City. Now, the manager in this city who can inveigle him for one night only, and show him up at his theatre, that manager can make a hundred dollars without any other effort. We have not mentioned this until now.....As a linguist, "Our Jim" is making good headway; he is now studying "Every Man his own Frenchman." We incidentally mentioned to him just now that one Beardsley of London had accepted Bogardus' challenges. "Ees zat zee ?" immediately responded the boy, "zen ze Bogardus *beards le* lion in hees den."..... There is a good deal of *go* in the boy, too. Recently a manager advertised for one hundred men, none to be less than six feet in height. That's right; make a start, and he'll little more than five feet. Cheek is everything with Jimmy, as it is with thousands of others.....Kate Claxton opens in Jersey City on Monday next, Dec. 1. Will the authorities over there take time by the forelock and see that their engines and fire-plugs are in good working order? Advance of cure is worth two in the bush. [Been to lunch, and he's got things mixed, like his drinks. It should be: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure-al."—ED.].....Those seeking flats will thank us for reminding them that the San Francisco Minstrels will this evening throw open for inspection their "Thompson-street Flats," which is two stories flatter than "The French Flats."..... A party advertises for "a lady with a fine figure," but omits to state the *amount* of the figure.....From the number of combinations and flourishes already here or on their way, one might infer that the country roads are bad, and that the walking is by no means good. One gentleman called to see us last Saturday. He had just got in, and had his snow-shoes with him. Note but the wealthy can enjoy special trains now-days.....What's the matter with the menageries? Thanksgiving right upon us, and not a wild-animal show in the Metropolis! We have plenty of Italian and French and German opera singers, but not a single untamed lion or lamb on exhibition. Why this suppression?

If you've got a raging lion, trot him out;
Or a wild, untutored zebra, trot him out;
For the public is a-dyin'
For one look at a lion—
Trot him out, trot him out,
If you've got a General tiger, show him up;
Or a leopard, or a camel, show him up;
For an unlearned seal we languish,
And for bear-ery in our anguish—
Show 'em up, show 'em up;
For bears ery in our anguish;
Show 'em up.

.....We grieve to say it, but true it is, that since our last no actress has been presented with a diamond necklace! Has our boasted gallantry and liberality faded from the face of the earth, or have our fair friends declined to receive such souvenirs in future?.....And now, beloved readers, may good digestion wait on appetite, and turkey on both.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Female clog-dancers in San Antonio, Texas, are somagnetic that they draw half-dollars from the pockets of the spectators. A few nights ago, at the Vaudeville, that city, Miss Ada Newcomb called down a perfect shower of silver coin, along with a pair of gold bracelets.....Gotthold Carlberg is to conduct the orchestra for Miss Emma Thursby's two concerts in this city and Brooklyn on Dec. 1 and 2.....Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert took in "Patinitza" at the Standard Theatre on the night of the 18th.....The first of John White's tree organ-recitals took place at Chickering Hall on the 19th, in the afternoon.....The Fall reception of the American Museum of Natural History was held on the afternoon of the 18th. Jupiter Flavius having set his wet face against it, it was a failure, and it is to be repeated—save possibly as to the failure—on the 25th.....Miss Josephine Meeker recently gave a lecture on her Indian experiences, and she has since been offered two hundred dollars a week and her expenses to travel as a lecturer upon that subject.....Frascuelo, the famous Madrid bull fighter, wears diamond buttons worth nine thousand dollars, and revels in a fortune of nearly half a million.....It is stated by an Italian paper that Irma Combrisson, once a noted dancer and beauty, has just died in Egypt in a state of poverty.....It is now declared she was passionately attached to Charles III, Duke of Parma, and that two days before he was assassinated she revealed to him the plot against her life. For this he made her Director of Police .....Miss Ada Cavendish returned from San Francisco early durnng the past week.....John Elsler is to shortly play the leading role, as old German bank-cashier, in "Government Bonds," which Bartley Campbell wrote some years ago with the view of fitting the English comedian John S. Towle.....Mlle. Leroux, Edward d'ocmatic reknown arrived here in the French steamer Canada on Nov. 20.....The report that Miss Bessie Turner is seriously ill and in want is denied.....It is unhealthy to give "enthusiastic receptions" to operatic songsters. Adelina Patti has just had one in Berlin; and it is related that after the performance the Emperor and Prince Charles called down her in the green-room, and spoke to her so kindly that "her tears came into her eyes."..... Mlle. Marimon, who is to reinforce Col. Mapleson's troupe in this country, lost her mother by the wrecking of the Collins steamer Pacific. It is said.....Alfred Tennyson, besides trying to add to his fame by making another venture as a playwright, has just emerged from the "Shades" of obscurity by becoming a grandfather.....Gustavus Lochmuller, the well-known pianist, has just returned from Europe.....At Chickering Hall, on the 22d inst., George Leybenhoff and Miss Fannie Dickerson, pupils of Leybenhoff always chooses the afternoon for these "mornings."

.....Last August General Grant presented a drop curtain to the Municipal Theatre in Guaymas, Mexico, and the manager has sent him in return a handsome set of harness, ornamented with gold, and lacquered.....Reginald Smith, the pianist and composer, has written himself, has just had a great success in Hamburg, is about to celebrate his fiftieth birthday.....Maximilian von Heine, youngest brother and the poorest of the poets, died in Germany on Nov. 6, his seventy-fourth birthday. It is related that he prepared his own death-notices for the papers, merely leaving the date blank.....Manager Shanker of Cincinnati is the proud possessor of a "professional visit.....A. M. Cobleigh died in Buffalo, N. Y., last week. He was a New-Englander, had taught dancing and fencing in that city for many years, had had an academy in Buffalo, in the Winter season of late alternating between that city and Rochester and Rochester and Buffalo, and was universally known as "Cobleigh, pig," which he has in a bag under his arm. Dublin aspires to command the guard on their parade; but the arrival of Dan Mulligan, who announces that he will reassume command of the warriors on that auspicious occasion, crushes Dublin's hopes, and he determines upon revenge by giving aid and comfort to the Italian contingent. Mrs. Dan Mulligan, ready for her departure for Albany, meets her husband, Dan, and gives him a list of viands which he is to purchase for the Christmas dinner, and orders that it be placed on the table when she and her relations return from Albany, the interview being very comical The second scene opens in the Skidmore Guard armory, Dan Mulligan in command of the warriors on that suspicious occasion, crushes Dublin's hopes, and he determines upon revenge by giving aid and comfort to the Italian contingent. Mrs. Dan Mulligan, ready for her departure for Albany, meets her husband, Dan, and gives him a list of viands which he is to purchase for the Christmas dinner, and orders that it be placed on the table when she and her relations return from Albany, the interview being very comical The second scene opens in the Skidmore Guard armory, Dan Mulligan in command of the Skidmore Guard, and the Italian contingent, where we find Mrs. Welcome Allup alone upon her birthday. Capt. Simpson Primrose of the Skidmore Guard arrives, and informs the fair one that the Rev. Falestine Puter, with whom she is in love, is about to return to the roving regard the Guard the money he had embezzled from them, and who had caused his flight; also that he is about to be reinstated in the affections of the fair one and as a member of the Order of the Full Moons. Hardly has this intelligence been conveyed to the Widow Allup than the Rev. Falestine Puter and the Full Moons call to see her, are cordially welcomed. Music is proposed, and the widow sings "The Sweet Kentucky Rose." the chorus being by the Full Moons, who subsequently entertain the company with hymns to the delight of the audience. The harmony of the occasion is interrupted by a proposal being made to the Full Moons to reinstate the Rev. Falestine Puter, which is objected to by the Rev. Ferguson Clinton, who goes into explain of his past life; and, as one disinclined to be reinstated, it, the last-named hopes to retain his office. Bitter recriminations pass between the property of the Fidelity Savings-bank, Chicago, including the bank-building, safe depository, and Hooley's Theatre, scheduled to be sold at auction Nov. 22 at noon. In 1877 the property was appraised at $305,000, and now brings in $2,000 rent annually. A dividend of 20 per cent will be paid the Fidelity depositors on the 1st of Dec., making 30 per cent. It is expected that another of 15 will be forthcoming hereafter.

CITY SUMMARY.

MUSICAL NOTES.—"Faust" Nov. 17, "Aida" 19, "Il Trovatore" 21, and "Faust" Nov. 24 the matinee 22, was the programme of Italian operas during the past week at the Academy of Music.....A concert at Chickering Hall Nov. 21 presented a young Canadian soprano-singer, Miss B. Reidy, for the first time to our audiences. Among those taking part in the entertainment were Carl Rosa, violinist; Hermann Carri, pianist; Geo. W. Morgan, organist; Emel Senger, basso-singer, and Sig. Bignardi, tenor.....

The Misses Conron sang at Steck Hall Nov 22. The concert also included Mme. Constance Howard, pianist; Jacob Graff, tenor; Franz Remmertz, basso; and Mme. A. Calvo, accompanist.....

The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, gave their first concert of the season at the Academy of Music Nov. 22. Franz Rummel, the soloist.....Mme. Emma Thurby arrived in this city on the steamer Baltic Nov. 21. Her first concert is announced for Dec. 1.....On Sunday evening, Nov. 23, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was rendered at the Academy of Music, the orchestra, chorus and soloists being of Mapleson's Opera Troupe, with the exception of Miss Anna Drasdil, who replaced Miss Cary. It was ampl emented by a miscellaneous concert. P. S. Gilmore and band on the same evening gave a popular programme at the Grand Opera-house, in which the following soloists took part: Ethel Howe, soprano; Marie E. Gibson, mezzo-soprano; Ellen Beach Yaw-no-fee, H. S. Dufield; Paul, a yellow boy. Miss Madge Rutler; George Peyton, Charles Mason; Mr. Sunnyside, J. E. Kirkwood; Captain Ratts, Sid. S. Hicks; Colonel Polnlex er, James Boyd; Judge La Fourche, Drew Morton; Jackson, Edward Clark; Jules Thibodeaux, D. F. Moore; Solon, a Griffe boy, George Clarke; Julius Augustus, Will Hamer; Zoe the Octoroon, Miss Florence Elmore; Dora Sunnyside, Miss Nellie Mackey; Mrs. Peyton, Mrs. Sarah A. Reed; Dido, Miss Nettie Hamer; Grace, Miss Ella Williams; Minnie, Miss Maggie Peterson.

THE CHANGES in the entertainments presented by the San Francisco Minstrels the past week were "We Gathered Them In," sung by H. W. Bellman; "Why Is a Woman and his Child," by T. B. Dixon; and "Once Again," by J. G. Russell, in the first-part; and in the olio, "Trouble in de Family," a song and dance by Johnson and Powers; a burlesque discourse on "Labor vs. Capital," by Add Ryman; "The Belle of the Avenue," and other songs by Ricardo in female attire; and the revival of the sketch "Mother-in-law-photia." The attendance continued liberal.

LEON JONES recently arrived here from Germany for the purpose of negotiating for the first appearance in this country of the Kutantchoff Troupe of acrobatic contortionists and gymnasts. The young lady after whom the company is named is said to perform wonderful aerial feats of a style hitherto unknown here, and James and Leon Jones have won a high reputation in continental Europe.

AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE a well-arranged programme met with ample justification at the hands of the excellent company engaged last week. Tim Rogers and Wm. Cronin in "Life in a Tenement-house" and "The Irish Piper;" Frank Jones and Alice Montague in their act of "Musical Mixtures;" Geo. Reynolds in "Kitty and Tim," Williams and Sully's songs-and-dances, Moore and Lessenger's act of "The Eccentric Shoemakers," and W. H. Langdon's sensational drama "Foiled" as the features of attraction. The stock company ably represented by Sam Norstock company and W. C. Cameron. Business continues very good. New faces Nov. 24: Mabel Florence, Geyer and Mackie, Gregory and Winfield, J. F. Sullivan and Nellie Thorn.

"THE MULLIGAN GUARD'S CHRISTMAS" received its first public representation on the stage at the Theatre Comique Nov. 17, and during the week it was impossible for late-comers to secure eligible standing-room, the auditorium being so densely crowded. Edward Harrigan is pleased to denominate his latest work as "Volume Fourth of the Mulligan Series," from which the reader will readily infer that its motive is the further description in dramatic form of the escapades of the Mulligan Guard in the pursuit of pleasure, which at times are interfered with by the Skidmore Guard. The present production is by far the best of the series as regards both construction and dialogue. There is no straining after effect, the incidents are presented in a natural manner, the situations are effective, and the comicalities which are the sequence of these are irresistibly funny. There are numerous original quaint sayings scattered through the piece, many of which are likely to become popular catch-words. The fun was almost incessant from the opening of the piece to the close, and it is seldom that we have seen an audience more thoroughly amused than on the night when we sat through the performances. The music, composed by Dave Braham, is not only tuneful, but is of that catching style which at once enchains popular fancy, and is likely to be heard whistled or hummed on the streets and in places of popular resort. Charles W. Witham deserves praise for the new scenery which he provided, as does Robert Custer for an ingeniously contrived mechanical effect in the fourth scene. The cast was as follows:

Dan Mulligan,	Walsingham McSweeny,
Edward Harrigan	M. Bradley
Mrs. Welcome Allup,	Paddy Campbell, John Mealy
Tony Hart	Gus Lochmuller Jr.,
Captain Simpson Primrose,	Master Hnsel
John Wild	Sheriff,.....Chas. Walton
Rev. Palestine Puter,	Engineer, John W. Dickens
Wm. Gray	Mr. Binnacle,.. Edw. Barry
Planxty McFrdd,	Bridget Lochmuller,
Welsh Edwards	Cordelia Mulligan,
Macauley Jangles,	Annie Yeamans
Edward Burt	Diana McFudd,
Gustavus Lochmuller,	Marie Gorendo
Harry Fisher	Rosy McFudd, Miss Mary Bird
Young Dublin...John Queen	Ellen McFudd,
Orlando Tucker...Wm. West	Miss Belle Mordaunt
Rev. Ferguson Clinton,	
Chas. Shafer.	

THE SKIDMORE GUARD.

John Wild,	John Mealy,
Bills Gray,	J. Fitz-immons,
Edward Goss,	E. Rourke,
Jas. Fox,	Wm. Mackey,
T. Cronin,	Jas. McCullough,
	Morgan Benson.
	Thos. Ray,

The main thread of the story of the piece may be thus narrated:

The action commences in a street-scene depicting a view of a portion of Centre Market and Harry Jennings' Dog Emporium. Mrs. Cordelia Mulligan and Mrs. Bridget Lochmuller indulge in some gossip. From the latter learns that Mrs. Mulligan is about to go to Albany to bring back with her her brother, who has recently married a number of their friends, to dine with the Mulligans on Christmas. Gustavus Lochmuller is met by Young Dublin, who importunes him to know what prize he will contribute to the Mulligan Guard for their prize-get-match; Lockmuller replies: "A walking pig," which he has in a bag under his arm. Dublin aspires to command the guard on their parade; but the arrival of Dan Mulligan, who announces that he will reassume command of the warriors on that auspicious occasion, crushes Dublin's hopes, and he determines upon revenge by giving aid and comfort to the Italian contingent. Mrs. Dan Mulligan, ready for her departure for Albany, meets her husband, Dan, and gives him a list of viands which he is to purchase for the Christmas dinner, and orders that it be placed on the table when she and her relations return from Albany, the interview being very comical The second scene opens in the Skidmore Guard armory, Dan Mulligan in command of the Skidmore Guard, and the Italian contingent, where we find Mrs. Welcome Allup alone upon her birthday. Capt. Simpson Primrose of the Skidmore Guard arrives, and informs the fair one that the Rev. Falestine Puter, with whom she is in love, is about to return to the roving regard the Guard the money he had embezzled from them, and who had caused his flight; also that he is about to be reinstated in the affections of the fair one and as a member of the Order of the Full Moons. Hardly has this intelligence been conveyed to the Widow Allup than the Rev. Falestine Puter and the Full Moons call to see her, are cordially welcomed. Music is proposed, and the widow sings "The Sweet Kentucky Rose." the chorus being by the Full Moons, who subsequently entertain the company with hymns to the delight of the audience. The harmony of the occasion is interrupted by a proposal being made to the Full Moons to reinstate the Rev. Falestine Puter, which is objected to by the Rev. Ferguson Clinton, who goes into explain of his past life; and, as one disinclined to be reinstated, it, the last-named hopes to retain his office. Bitter recriminations pass between the property of the Fidelity Savings-bank, Chicago, including the bank-building, safe depository, and Hooley's Theatre, scheduled to be sold at auction Nov. 22 at noon. In 1877 the property was appraised at $305,000, and now brings in $2,000 rent annually. A dividend of 20 per cent will be paid the Fidelity depositors on the 1st of Dec., making 30 per cent. It is expected that another of 15 will be forthcoming hereafter.

AT HARRY MINER'S THEATRE, last week, the new faces were Dave Reed in song-and-dances and bone-solos, Erba Robeson in ballads, Pell and Lewis as "The Hottentot Musketeers," Clark and Edwards in their vocal sketch entitled "The Serenade," and Hagen and Roberts in imitations of Pat Rooney, all of whom exerted themselves in a happy manner to contribute to the mirth and amusement of large audiences, and put the latter in a mood to give a hearty welcome to "Pinafore," which concluded the entertainment. Billed for Nov. 24: Kelly and Ryan, Bryant and Hoey, Haley and West, and Joe and Annie Burgess.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE of programme was inaugurated last week at the London Theatre. Watson and Ellis in the acts of "Dutch Deception" and "The Rival Suitors" exerted their comic abilities to the utmost, and created much merriment; the French Troupe Davene, acro atic acts, displayed an unusual amount of grace and dexterity, and proved very attractive; Tom English and A. W. Sawyer exhibited their thorough proficiency as instrumental soloists; whilst John and James Russell and Campbell and Burke in character change acts obtained well-merited applause; Chas. A. Gardner, Ella Mayo, Clara Moore, Dick Parker and J. Moreland satisfactorily filled out the bill. Opening Nov. 24: Emerson, Clark and the Daly Brothers, Alice Bateman, Maggie Gray, Fields and Hanson and the Jeromes.

EDWIN BOOTH, at the Grand Opera-house, continued his impersonation of Hamlet, save at the Saturday matinee, when he acted Ruy Blas in the tragedy of that name, and the comedietta of "Delicate Ground" was performed by the company, who also repeated "Miss Multon" at the Wednesday matinee. The patronage was large, nearly equaling that of the previous week.

"THOMPSON STREET FLATS" "The Turkish Patrol," and "The Skids Are Out To-day" are the fresh features of the current programme presented by the San Francisco Minstrels.

EMMA JANNING, Ling Sarbro, the Lenton Brothers and Jennie Ewer are billed to appear at Lent's New York Circus this week.

MAGGIE BENSON, Jennie Benson, Minnie Gouzh, Sheehan and Jones, James W. Ransone and Emma True, Prof. Sawyer, Crumley and Deforrest, Belle Clifton and W. A. Huntley are the arrivals at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York.

THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION is reported as meeting with the most abundant returns during their Western tour. The receipts for a number of towns are given in a card in another column, from which it will be seen that they have made a most successful season so far.

THE WESTERN THEATRE COMPANY are to open in Independence, Mo., Nov. 24, for one week. M. S. Wilson, comedian, joined the company Nov. 17 in Lexington.

MRS. ADA LAWRENCE reached Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8, having resigned her position in the Emma Leland Company on account of illness.

MAUDE OSWALD'S Dramatic Company were in Westfield, Pa., Nov. 17, 18, 19, and Troopsville 20, 21, 22.

THE MERRYMAKERS played in Portsmouth, O., Nov. 17, 18, Hamden 19, Jackson 20, Nelsonville 21, 22, and Logan 24.

FRANK FRASER, comedian, was presented in Guilford, Me., Nov. 17, with a seven-pound boy by his wife, professionally known as Miss Emma Chase.

THE BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY is to play in Bangor, Me., Nov. 24, 25, 26, Dover 27, 28, 29.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.—Samuel Aimes, comedian, playing with the Globe Comedy Company, while taking a drive with three other members of the company in Milledgeville, Ga., Nov. 19, was thrown from the carriage by reason of the horses running away, and had his skull fractured and his neck broken. His funeral took place from the Episcopal church there Nov. 17.

COMPLAINT.—We have received a letter dated Boston, O., Nov. 18, and signed by Louise M. Lyle, Kittie Rhoades, O. B. Coleman and W. A. Gregston, complaining that one Moses Bloom, who recently started out from Cleveland, O., with the New York Theatre Company, has been using their names on his programmes and bills generally, without their knowledge or consent. The parties named are members of the Acme Comedy Company, under the management of W. A. Gregston, now touring in Ohio. The company is a strong one, and includes L. W. Gleason, B. C. Oswald, C. O. Bee, W. S. Beck, Mrs. Henderson, Annie Coleman, Alice R. Chaning and A. Zephyr.

PICO, the English grotesque clown, who is now traveling with W. W. Cole's Circus, will join N. D. Rickett's "Humpty Dumpty" Company at the conclusion of Mr. Cole's season. A number of press notices published in another column speak favorably of Pico's talent for fun-making. He can be addressed in care of this office.

THE Manager J. W. Decker of the Globe Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., states that J. R. Weaver in his drama of "Toby" opened at that house to the best business of the season, and that he has been engaged to return there. Mr. Weaver can be addressed through this office.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, "The Drunkard" was performed 17, 18, 19, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" 20, 21 and 22. Joseph T. Fannin appeared as Edward Middleton in the former, and the cast of the latter included Samuel Hemple, Samuel Dubois, Alexander Fisher, J. S. Sapho, J. S. Brown, Ed. Hannum, Miss Emma P. Markley, Eva G. Barker, Annie Fox, Grace Logan and Hattie Saphore. Attendance moderate.....Ticket-of-leave Man" and "Streets of New York" will follow "Tam" in rapid succession. Despite the excellence of its production, "The Pearl of Joe" proved too much for attractive, and 4th houses were the rule (for the first time in 12 months at the Adelphi. "The Female Party Thieves," with Wallis Williams as leader, is the bill for the week to be produced 17.....The charming appearance and excellent acting of Miss Emmie Young have been the means of attracting crowded audiences every night during the week at the Bella Union. As Violet in "The Life of an Actress," Miss Young has achieved a decided success and afforded her audiences unbounded satisfa

THE DRAMATIC NOVELTY in Boston, Mass., the past week, wrote our correspondent on Nov. 23, "was the presentation of Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy of 'Doctor Clyde.' It is from the German of L'Arronge, author of 'My Son,' which met with favor at this theatre one year ago, and was seen at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, New York, in January last. Since then it has been materially improved, and in its present form is a pleasing and amusing work, as has been attested by the laughter and applause of good-sized audiences. The fourth act, which occurs in the Doctor's office, is the best of the five, and the second ranks next, the others developing and clearing up the threads of the story, and are naturally the weakest. There is also a captivating love-scene between Tothury Simms and Emily, and the Doctor's solicitude for the health of his wife and daughter in enveloping them in huge woolen mittens and rubber overshoes when they are in ball-room attire is also unique. The full cast was: Higgins, Wm. Warren; Tothury Simms, Wm. Seymour; Lord Hammond, B. R. Graham; Samuel Meeker, Geo. W. Wilson; Richard Clyde, M. D., J. Burrows; Spriggs, J. Nolan; Barnes, L. J. Loring; Jacob, C. B. Mafftt; Mrs. Clyde, Mrs. J. R. Vincent; Emily Clyde, Miss May Davenport; Julia (her first appearance here in two seasons, specially engaged), Miss Mary Cary; Margaret, Miss Alice Carle; Anna, Miss Kate Ryan; Jennie, Miss Carrie Hapgood. Mr. Rosenfeld was fortunate in having a company so fully adequate to his demands, and the acting was quite a lory in each feature, the less prominent parts were not slighted, and the exponents thereof fully availed themselves of the opportunities offered. The piece was nicely mounted, the Doctor's office being naturally set and arranged with all the appurtenances usually found in such places. The success 'Doctor Clyde' has met with induces the management to continue it until further notice.....

David Garrick, in the play of that name, in which character Mr. Sothern appeared during the week of 17 at the Park Theatre, is one of the least interesting of that actor's assumptions. Mr. Sothern has been laboring under indisposition, which may account for the lack of power noticeable in some of the heavier scenes. The mounting was excellent, the last set—a representation of Garrick's apartment—being notably in good taste, and rich with bric-a-brac and decorations. 'The Conjugal Lesson' was the afterpiece, and Manager Abbey has made a move in the right direction in placing the farce at the end of the bill, where it rightfully belongs. Business for the week good. Mr. Sothern will close Nov. 29, appearing for the first four nights of the week as Brother Sam, reviving 'Our American Cousin" for a holiday matinee 27 and the following evening, and appearing in "Sam" and a farce for his final appearance. The Weathersby-Goodwin Frolliques open Dec. 1, for one week only.

.....It seemed like old times, indeed, and brought vividly before our mind the palmy days of the old Theatre Comique, to again see Mafftt and Bartholomew on Manager Wentworth's stage, with Mr. Muller leading the orchestra and a hilarious audience in front to laugh at the comicalities of those former favorites in the old and familiar pantomimes. The bills presented at the Gaiety Theatre, where they have appeared during the week of 17, have been varied, and opened with the Ravel tableaux vivants 'The Italian Brigands,' followed by an olio of singing by Minnie Gough, Melville and Leopold's specialty of 'Oddities of Music,' Tony Williams and Mark Sullivan in the sketch 'Bound Homeward,' gymnastic exercises by Carlos Dashaway, assisted by Frank Monroe, and the pantomime of 'Nicodemus.' 'Mons. Dechalameau' replaced the second piece, 'Voltau-Veni' was given 20, 'Les Deux Fugitifs' 21, 'Mons. Dechalameau' and 'Nicodemus' matinee 22, and on evening of that date, for the benefit of Mafftt and Bartholomew, 'Les Deux Fugitifs,' 'The Holtzschutann' and the farce of 'Smiths and Browns.' Mr. Bartholomew, who went to Springfield, O., from the bill after the opening night. Business for entire week, fair. 24, Charles L. Davis, supported by Emma Vern, in 'Alvin Joslin.'.....An audience of good size and character assembled at Union's Opera-house 17 to witness a performance of 'Richard III.' as the representative of the title-role, John J. Murray, was *non est*, the audience was dismissed and the house closed. 'Othello' will be played Dec. 1, with D. Gilfeather Jr. as Othello and Frank L. Union as Iago..... 'The Danites' was repeated for the last times in the Globe Theatre week of 17 to several large houses, which were augmented by our country cousins, for whose entertainment excursion trains were run on our different railroads. Salsbury's Troubadours return for the week of 24, and Ada Cavendish will appear in her first appearance Dec. 1. Mr. Stetson has acquired the right to play 'Forget-me-not,' which Genevieve Ward has made so successful in London, and will shortly produce it, with, probably, Marie Prescott in the leading part. .....The performance of the Village Blacksmith,' which Horace Lewis and his dramatic party gave at Parker Memorial Hall 19, in the South End course of entertainments, was, if anything, an improvement over the same excellent characterization given last Spring, the young actor having gained in power and breadth from past repetitions of the role. His support was good. Miss Gertie Blanchard playing Dorothy with great feeling and pathos, and E. E. Parker, A. A. Lovett, E. T. Rackus, John Armstrong, Edward Young, Charles S. Sonle and C. M. Wallace did justice to the remaining characters. Between acts one and two Miss Lillie Peck rendered a vocal selection, accompanied by Miss Stella Leavitt, while the incidental music was furnished by A. J. Foskett ..... Extra matinee performances will be given at all our theatres 27.....Charles Reade's dramatization of 'L'Assommoir,' under the title of 'Drink,' has been in constant rehearsal at the Boston Theatre during the past week, and will receive its first representation in this country 24. The drama is divided into seven acts and nine different scenes. The cast will employ Thomas W. Keene, L. R. Sheeil, Florence Chase and Ada Gilman, in addition to Ed. J. Buckley and the regular company. New scenery, appointments, costumes and machinery have been prepared. .....The management of George A. Jones & Co's Juvenile Troupe having passed into the hands of Joseph Keefe, that gentleman announces the reproduction of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the Siege of Paris Opera-house 24, and each afternoon and evening of the week excepting 26, when the establishment is engaged for other purposes. The performance will be shorn of the features which were objectionable to our Police Commissioners, and it is to be hoped some return may be made for the loss entailed by the summary closing two weeks ago. .....Miss Blanche Vaughan of Sothern's company, now at the Park Theatre, is a niece of Mrs. Henry Callender of this city.....Frank Carles has been enrolled as a member of the Bessie Darling Combination, now on the Southern circuit.....Miss Kate Field returns from Europe early next month..... Harry Josephs will supply the place of W. H. Lytell in 'The Black Crook,' which is to be transferred to the provinces.....Charlotte Thompson and Mrs. D. P. Bowers, with their supporting company, will soon appear in Boston.....Smith & Abbott's 'Two Orphans' Combination perform in Union Hall, Allston district, Thanksgiving-night.....The Tourists, John P. Smith & W. A. Mestayer's organization, will shortly make their debut as a company in this city."

THE NIP-AND-TUCK COMBINATION, under the management of Jos. A. Gulick, concluded a season of four nights and a matinee at the Grand Opera-house, Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 20 to fairly good business. Our correspondent says: "Nicholas Nickleby, Harry Webber did some good character acting, though, with the exception of Mr Fitzpatrick as Tuck, was more than divided the honors with the star, the support was in the main somewhat deficient. Little Camilla Gardner, aged six, as Lucy, di-played excellent training. The company went to Springfield, O., 21, Dayton 22, and open in Cincinnati 24, for one week; Cleveland, the oil circuit and Philadelphia to follow. Mr. Gulick expressed himself to your correspondent as well pleased with the financial outlook for the new organization....." The ever-welcome Tony Denier's 'Humpty Dumpty' and Specialty Troupe opened at the Park Theatre 21 for two nights and matinee, a very large audience being present, notwithstanding the 'Megatherian' opposition at the Grand. The entire show gave excellent satisfaction. Samuel Howe, the Milanese Minstrel, was unable to appear owing to an attack of what his physician thinks is diphtheria, a disease quite prevalent in these parts at present. Mr. Denier is also suffering from a sore throat, and left the show at Richmond, Ind., 20, returning to his home at Chicago..... The Rice Surprise Party, which opens at the Park 24, 'jumps' from Philadelphia.....Katie Putnam has been playing at New Albany, Ind., this week.....James T. Dickson is still in Colorado.....W. W. Durand and Mary Namara were here 20 in the interest of J. H. Haverly's various enterprises. It is expected that arrangements will be made for the appearance of Haverly's several traveling organizations in Philadelphia during the holidays.....Geo. A. Dickson authorizes the statement that J. H. Haverly is not negotiating for either of the theatres here, as reported.....Miss Ella Otis, who made a dramatic debut here last Summer in 'Ours,' was married a few days ago."

AT THEALL'S NOVELTY THEATRE, Brooklyn, E. D., "The Marble Heart" was given the first three evenings of last week, and at the Wednesday matinee and "Camille" the close of the week, to only fair business, the acting of Charles R. Thorne Jr. and Miss Laura Don, who appeared in the leading roles, being hardly as good as the public expected from artists of their reputation. The supporting company included the following people: O. B. Barr, Charles Rock well, Alexander Thompson, H. W. Montgomery, George S. Robinson, John D. Walsh, Edwin F. Varrey, H. Hogan, Nina Varian, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Carlotta Evelyn, Nannie Egberts, Lillie Thorndyke and Adele Hamilton. .....Our Boarding-house," with Rosa Rand and W. H. Lytell in the cast, is announced for this week, and an extra matinee will be given on Thanksgiving-day. Manager Theall also states that he has arranged with the following attractions, to appear shortly: Robson and Crane, Denman Thompson, Aldrich and Parsloe, the Criterion Comedy Company, the "Widow Bedot" Combination, Frank Mayo, Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, Fanny Davenport and Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe.

H. J. SARGENT'S Comedy Company appeared at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., week Nov. 17, being seen the first three nights in "Contempt of Court" and the rest of the week in "Forbidden Fruit." The company, which is quite good, succeeded in pleasing a series of medium-sized audiences during their stay. The specialty portion, as provided, proved to be a capital actor, while the Misses Helen Tracy and May Hart were also received with favor. J. W. Summers, G. C. Jordan, C. J. Dade, E. H. Stephens, E. L. Walton, W. Richardson, Lilian Stone and Daily Woolwine complete the party, which is well adapted for the proper interpretation of the above comedies. Kate Claxton commences a week's engagement at the establishment 24.....Gus Philips (Oofty Goof) will appear at Martin Hall 28 in "Under the Gaslight." Letter of Nov. 22.

CINCINNATI ADVICES to Nov. 22 are as appended: "E. Macauley opened at Pike's Opera-house 17 as Uncle Dan'l in 'A Messenger from Jarvis Section,' which he played all the week to a comfortable business. Mr. Macauley received a very warm welcome, and his natural impersonation was exceedingly well received. The Clip of Minnie Maddern, Keppler of S. R. Reed, and Skinny Smith of I. N. Beers were noticeably good. F. C. Bangs as Dan'l Druce follows 24; Josefly Dec. 1, for three nights; Miss Neilson Dec. 4, for remainder of the week.....Fanny Davenport opened at the Grand Opera-house 17 in 'As You Like It,' 'Pique' being given 18 and matinee 19, 'Divorce' 19 and 20, 'School for Scandal' 21, 'Divorce' matinee 22, and 'Cymbeline' night of 22. Business has been very fair. The support furnished by J. F. Dean, E. K. Collyer, Edwin Price, Henry Hawk, Emma Pierce, Minnie Monk and Emma Maddern was in general satisfactory. The company goes hence to Chicago. John T. Raymond follows 24.....Pat Rooney's Combination at Henck's have drawn large houses, and the vaudeville entertainment given is excellent. Harry Webber's 'Nip-and-Tuck' Combination opens 24.....Miss Annie Barclay performs 'Parthenia' at the Grand 23, with Mr. Ed. Arnott as Ingomar."

RICE'S "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION was tolerably successful at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house last week, there being a large attendance on the first three nights, but there was a material falling-off afterwards. Our correspondent says: "'The Corsair' was billed for the middle of the week, but for some reason it was not given, and 'Evangeline' was the bill for the entire engagement. The present company is not considered so strong as that of last season, although Miss Searle and Miss Wiley were successful in their respective parts. Hunter and Fortesque may be said to have carried off the honors, and both deserved all the applause accorded them. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels open for one week 24, and the Emma Abbott Opera Troupe follow. The 'Evangeline' party open in Detroit 24, for one week.....Bartley Campbell was in town last week on a short visit to his mother..... Mary E. Orten of this city, with a company composed of Willy Frampton and others, will give a musical entertainment at New Castle, Pa., Nov. 27."

JOHN T. RAYMOND and company occupied the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., the past week, appearing in "Wolfert's Roost," "Risks," and "Gilded Age," to large audiences. He opens in Cincinnati 24, one week; thence to Chicago, two weeks. Tony Denier opens here 24.....Charles Pope will be the star feature next week in his theatre.....Mary Anderson, who played in St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, and Quincy last week, is to open in the Opera-house 24. Robert Spiller is now her business-manager.....Anne Eliza Young lectured on "Mormonism" in Library Hall 20, for benefit of the poor. .....The Elks held their first Social Session of the season in Irving Hall 16. The features were drawn from Emerson's Minstrels, who had just closed a successful week in Pope's Theatre. Letter dated Nov. 22.

HENRY ABBEY is organizing a large pantomime troupe to open in the Park Theatre, Boston. Afterwards they will visit this city and Philadelphia. Mafftt, Bartholomew and Robert Fraser have already been secured, and S. M. Hickey is to be the business-manager. The Spanish Students, who were to have come to this country under Deutch's management, have been secured by Mr. Abbey for this troupe.

A. H. HASTINGS, who returned from Europe week before last, is this week playing in Jersey City, N. J.

OUR NEW ORLEANS, LA., correspondent wrote Nov. 21 that his "report of amusements there for the past week was mislaid in going to the mail."

A MANAGER or agent is wanted for a musical and comedy company, now on the road. See Howard Clifton's card.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is billed in Crawfordsville, Ind., Nov. 24, 25, Danville, Ill., 26, 27, Clinton, Ind., 28, 29, and Marshall, Ill., Dec. 1, 2.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS, who made their appearance in "The Brook" in the Opera-house, Hartford, Ct., Nov. 18, Springfield, Mass., 19, Holyoke 20, Chelsea 21, Manchester, N. H., 22, are posted in Boston, Mass., 24, for one week, Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 1, Erie, Pa., 2, Springfield, O., 3, Indianapolis, Ind., 4, 5, 6, St. Louis, Mo., 8, one week, and Louisville, Ky., 15.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON and company in "Rip Van Winkle" played in New Haven, Ct., Nov. 21, 22, to good business, and are to open in Philadelphia 24, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 1, Washington, D. C., 8, for one week each.

ANNIE FOX is engaged for juvenile business with Wood's Museum Dramatic Company, Philadelphia, during the season of 1879-80.

MINNIE CUMMINGS in her new play of "Suspected" is performing in the interior towns of Ohio, under the management of Charles E. Corbly, and managers desiring to arrange time are requested to address that gentleman, as per advertisement. A good practical and experienced advance-agent is wanted for the company.

THE MARY RADCLIFFE COMPANY opened at Aurora, Ind., Nov. 18, and will be at Music Hall, Dayton, O., 27.

MINNIE CUMMINGS played in Aurora, Ind., 19, Sidney, O., 20, and Mansfield 21.

EX-MANAGER JAMES DOUGLAS is to be tendered a benefit shortly in Cincinnati.

MR. AND MRS. MCKEE RANKIN closed at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Nov. 13, playing, says our correspondent, "towards the latter part of the engagement to light business. 'Uncle Josh Spruce' was given with as much openness not always met with in traveling combinations. Louise Pomeroy is billed for 20."

THE B. MACAULEY COMBINATION, under the management of John M. Hickey, is to play in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., this week and next. Dec. 1, Dayton, O., 2, Richmond, Ind., 3, Kokomo 4, Lafayette 5, Danville, Ill., 6, Terre Haute, Ind., 8 Evansville 9, Henderson, Ky., 10, Hopkinsville 11, Nashville, Tenn., 12, 13, Columbia 15, Huntsville, Ala., 16, Chattanooga, Tenn., 17, Rome, Ga., 18, and Atlanta 19, 20.

RIAL & DRAPER'S "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination played to poor business in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., last week. B. Macauley and company open 29, and the Oliver Doud Byron Combination is billed for Dec. 1, 2, 3, and Mary Anderson will fill out the week. Haverly's Minstrels Dec. 8, and Lotta 11 .....Buffalo Bill and company played to crowded houses at Davis' Theatre last week. Richmond & Von Boyle's Comedy Company open 24, for one week. Albert Aiken and company are booked for Dec. 1; Sargent's company in "Contempt of Court" 8.

AT WIETING OPERA-HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., Chas. L. Davis appeared in "Alvin Joslin" Nov. 19, 20, to good houses: thence to Troy 21, 22; Boston, Gaiety Theatre, 24, for two weeks. He was followed 21, 22 by The Reiners in "Pinafore," who gave a good entertainment to fair houses. They are billed in Buffalo 24, for one week. Announcements for this week: Oofty Goof 24, 25, Big Four Minstrels 26, Gus Williams 27.....Dickie Lingard and company played "Pajamas" in the Grand Opera-house 17, to light business. Clinton Hall's "Strategists" 21, 22, to good business. Miss Jessie Couthoui of Chicago was announced to give readings 24.

MILTON NOBLES and company played in Rochester, Minn., Nov. 18, Lake City 19, Redwing 20, St. Paul 21, 22, and are billed in Stillwater 24, Minneapolis 25, 26, Faribault 27, Owatonna 28, Mankato 29, and Sioux City Dec. 1.

THE HYERS SISTERS' COMBINATION are to perform in Cleveland, O., Nov. 27 (Thanksgiving), 28, 29.

DENMAN THOMPSON and company were greeted by large audiences in the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week. Route: Brooklyn 24, Williamsburg Dec. 1, one week each. The Criterion Comedy Company open 24, and Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels Dec. 1.....The Academy of Music was closed until 21, when a company appeared in "Enoch Arden," and 22 in "Two Orphans," for the benefit of the Firemen's Relief Fund. The Hyers Sisters' Combination are booked 26, for four nights.....D. Nourse, now with the Den Thompson company, was a member of John Elisler's stock company some twenty years ago.....The wife of Judge E. Paine of this city, who has been studying for the stage the past two years, made her first appearance before an audience at Lancaster, O., Nov. 12.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE dramatic entertainment of the season in Detroit, Mich., was given, says our correspondent, "the past week at the Detroit Opera-house by the Criterion Comedy Company. 'Our Daughters' was played 17, 18, 19 and matinee 22, and 'Freaks' 20, 21, 22. Many new set-scenes were used, and the stage appointments improved, which aided materially the success of the plays. 'Evangeline' is booked for Thanksgiving-week and F. C. Bangs Dec. 1.....The Wilkinson 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' party played to large houses at 25 and 35 cents admission in the Grand Opera-house 17, 18, 19. Nick Roberts' 'Humpty Dumpty' comes Dec. 4, 5, 6."

H. J. SARGENT'S COMEDY COMPANY opens a three-nights' engagement in the Corinthian Academy of Music, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 26, in "Contempt of Court" and "Forbidden Fruit.".....At the Grand Opera-house, "Oofty-Goof" closed a three-nights' engagement 19 in "Under the Gaslight." The Clinton Hall "Strategists" Combination commence a week's engagement Nov. 24.

FREDERICK PAULDING played three nights and a matinee in the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., commencing Nov. 20, appearing in "Hamlet," "The Fool's Revenge," "Lady of Lyons" and "The Wife's Secret." Excellent support was rendered by the company, under the management of Frank Lawlor. The Revelers open 24, for four nights.

PADGETT & BASSETT'S Bric-a-Brac Company, who were in Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 21, 22, are to be in Kalamazoo 27, Lansing 25, 26.

AT THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE, the Tourists in a Palace-car appeared during the past week to good business. "The Black Crook" is announced for Thanksgiving-week.....Aldrich and Parsloe in "My Partner" are billed for this week in Law's Opera-house.

"DIPLOMACY" was well acted by the Boston Museum Company in Portland (Me.) Theatre, last week, before good houses. Miss Wheatleigh's matinee day and night, and two following nights, Lillie Joyce, Edwin Byron and company are to appear in "The Hidden Hand" and other plays.

H. J. SARGENT'S COMEDY COMPANY perform in Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 26, 27, 28, 29, Auburn, Utica and Syracuse week Dec. 1, Buffalo 8. A number of press notices in another column speak of the success of the comedy "Contempt of Court," which this company make the special feature of their repertory. Business is reported as excellent.

IN HAVERLY'S, L. J., at Haverly's Theatre, last week, "The Galley Slave" drew good-sized audiences, the play being well received. Miss Mande Granger as Cicely Blaine performed her part admirably, and Miss Emily Rigl made quite a hit in Francesca. Both were called before the curtain nightly. Frank Evans and C. M. Sullivan made a favorable impression by their acting. The play was admirably mounted, the landscape scenery in the background of the set scenes being especially noteworthy for artistic excellence. This week the Tourists are the attraction. There will be a matinee performance on Thanksgiving-day, as well as on the regular occasions. "The Octoroon" is underlined for Dec. 1.....At the Park Theatre, Robson and Crane attracted full houses in "Our Bachelors" and "The Two Dromios," the former being performed 17, 18, and 19, including matinee, and the latter 20, 21 and 22, and matinee. This week the Weathersby-Goodwin Frolliques in "Hobbies" are the attraction; matinee Thanksgiving-day. Sothern is underlined for Dec. 1.....At the Academy, Denman Thompson appears in "Joshua Whitcomb," under John P. Smith's management. There will be a special matinee on Thank-giving-day.....Mrs. G. C. Howard appeared in the Academy Nov. 22, at a matinee and night performance of "Uncle Tom," to fair business only.

"OUR GOBLINS," William Gill's new burlesque, was produced with success in Chicago, Ill., last week, by Gill & Pilling's Comedy Operetta Company, as will be seen by our correspondent's letter. Press-extracts published in another department also praise the new piece. Managers desiring to fill time after Jan. 1, 1880, can address Frank J. Pilling, as per card.

THE FRAYNE & TIFFANY COMBINATION open in New Orleans, La., Nov. 30, for one week, and are billed for Galveston, Texas, Dec. 8, 9, 10, 11, San Antonio 12, 13, Houston 15, 16, Brenham 17, Austin 18, 19, Dallas 20.

THE MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY occupied Ford's Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., the past week, to fair business, "The Iron Will" being the piece produced. Ford's Opera Company, with Church-choir Chorus, open 24 in "The Chimes of Normandy."..... At the Holliday-street Theatre Engrie Mitchell proved a drawing card, appearing in "Little Barefoot" 17 and 22, "Lorie" 18, matinee 19. "Fanchon" 19 and matinee 22, "Jane Eyre" 20, "Pearl of Savoy" 21. She is to produce her new play, entitled "Trix," 24.....Fanny Louise Buckingham is billed to appear at the Maryland Institute during Thanksgiving-week in "Mazeppa."

HUNTLEY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is to play in Jackson, Miss., Nov. 24, 25, 26, Canton 27, 28, 29, and Vicksburg Dec. 1, one week.

CHARLES ATKINSON AND CLARA ELLARD in "A Poetical Wooing" played in Hornellsville, N. Y., to a small attendance, Nov. 21, Corning 22, and are to be in Elmira 24, Waverly 25.

"THE STARS" Combination appear in Marlboro, Mass., Dec. 2.

MUSICAL.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., are thus reported by our regular correspondent: "Maurice Grau's French Opera Company occupied the Boston Theatre the past week, to only fair houses. 'Mignon' was announced for 17, but it was deemed advisable to postpone the production till 19, owing to the insufficiency of rehearsal, and 'Les Brigands' was sung in its stead. 'Barbe Bleu' was rendered 18, 'Mignon' 19, 21, the latter being for the benefit of M. Capoul, who, however, was unable to appear, being ill with a cold, and his role of Wilhelm Meister was sung by M. Banvard. 'La Belle Helene' 20; 'La Grande Duchesse' matinee 22, and evening of that date, for the benefit of Mlle Angele, a miscellaneous bill was given, consisting of the first and second acts of 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' second act of 'Girofle-Girofla,' and second act of 'La Fille de Madame Angot.'.....The Liliputian Opera Company, under the management of Dave Thomas, appeared in Horticultural Hall throughout the week, opening to a very large house and continuing to good business, bad weather notwithstanding. We should hardly recognize Brougham's familiar burlesque of 'Pocahontas' in its present guise; and the little people, with the eight-foot giant Colonel Orr, have made it more funny than ever. At the close of the piece the little people indulged in their specialties of song-and-dance, which were well received. The company remain another week, presenting 'Pocahontas' and 'Jack the Giant-killer' alternately.....E. B. Perry, under the auspices of the New England Conservatory of Music, gave a piano-recital in Wesleyan Hall 17.....The seven hundred and sixty-fourth recital of the New England Conservatory of Music was given 17.....E. and G. G. Hook have contracted to furnish a new organ for the rebuilt Tremont Temple, which will occupy a space over 60 feet in width.....Arthur Sullivan arrived in town 19, and is quartered at the Tremont House; he conducted rehearsals of his oratorio 'The Prodigal Son' in Brunswick Hall 20, 21, 22, and was tendered a reception at Palladio Hall 21, but was not present.....A. D. Woodruff and George Ellard, tenors; W. C. Baird, baritone; and G. E. Aiken, basso, constituting the English Glee Club, assisted by Henrietta Beebe, soprano; Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburgh, contralto; and C. Pierie, pianist, gave enjoyable concerts in Union Hall 20, 21.....At a reception given members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, at their hall 20, music was furnished by Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano, the Cadet Band Orchestra, and a male chorus of sixteen voices.....The third concert by the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Bernhard Listemann, and assisted by Fanny Kellogg, soprano; Mr. Lang, pianist, was given in Music Hall 21. Fourth concert Dec. 5, Sarah Barton, soprano, making her first appearance in Boston since her return from Europe, and C. H. Morse, organist, also appearing.....A musical soiree was given at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, South Boston, 21, under the auspices of Mrs. Anagos, daughter of Julia Ward Howe. The latter lady gave a description of her recent travels in the East, and Mrs. Henry T. Spooner, soprano, Miss Winslow, pianist, the Misses Campbell violinist and pianist, and Adamowski, violinist, also appeared. Obituary.—Frederick W. Phillipps, brother of Adelaide Phillipps, the favorite contralto, died in the Dorchester District 21 of general debility, contracted in the tropics. He graduated from Harvard College in 1863, entered our navy, and served in the gulf squadron in the early part of the War. He served as surgeon in the Panama Railroad Company's Hospital till 1876, when he resigned on account of failing health. He was then appointed surgeon on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's City of Tokio, running from San Francisco to China and Japan; his health failing, he resigned the office in April last. The funeral will occur 23.....The quarterly concert of the New England Conservatory of Music was given at Music Hall afternoon of 22, the appearances being Hattie A. Snell and Emma S. Howe, soprano; Etta E. Sherman, violinist and many advanced pupils.....Joseffy the violinist will return to Boston ere long, and appear in conjunction with an orchestra in a series of concerts.....Edward B. Perry the blind pianist is to give a recital at Chickering's Rooms 26, with the assistance of Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, soprano, and E. Cutler, accompanist.....The choir of the Church of the Redeemer give a concert in Lyceum Hall, East Boston, 27.....Mme. Julia Rive King is to appear at one of the Thursday concerts, soon to be given in Music Hall.....Laura Schirmer, soprano; Clara Poole, contralto; and S. Liebling, pianist, are to appear in sacred concert at the Siege of Paris Opera-house 30.....Miss Carrie Stackpole will be tendered a complimentary benefit at the Bullfinch-place Chapel Dec. 3. Miss Knowles, reader, and Mr. Schultz's quartet and Edward B. Perry, pianist, assisting.....The concerts to be given by Mme. Cappani will be inaugurated at Mechanics' Hall Dec. 3, when the appearances will be Mrs. Constance Howard, pianist, Misses Pauline Pfeiffer, Lucie Hayes, Emma Dearborn, Ida Kleiber, Messrs. Clarence St. John, Winchester, Dr. Dudley, and Mrs. Dietrich Strong, accompanist..... The next in the Old Bay State course of concerts will be given in Music Hall Dec. 4 by the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Mrs. H. F. Knowles, Miss Mathilde Phillipps, and Mr. Sawyer, pianist..... Warren Hall, Brighton District, is to be opened Dec. 4 with a concert by Carter's Orchestra—Mrs. T. M. Carter vocalist—the Beethoven Quartet and the Allen Dramatic Club.....The five Euterpe concerts to be given during the second season of this well-conducted society Dec. 2, Jan. 7, Feb. 4, March 4, April 14. The Mendelssohn Quintet Club appear at the first and second concerts, the New York Philharmonic Club at the third and fourth, and the Beethoven Quintet Club at the last."

AT THE NEW VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, Nov. 17, A. De Witt's new comic-opera "The Royal Banquet" was produced for the first time on any stage, and given during the week. It is always more pleasant to praise than condemn, but to praise this work conscientiously is impossible. Its plot is conventional in the extreme, the characters are nil, and its dialogue commonplace. What little story it tells is of a U. S. Steamship, which is fired by a burning shell from another vessel, supposed to be a pirate. Without waiting to see what the rest of the people on board are going to do about it, a clownish general of the U. S. A., who is evidently intended for the Sir Joseph Porter of the piece, and two young ladies escape in a boat, or on a raft or by some other floating medium. Presently they land on the Hazlebar Islands, wherever they may be. There they meet the King of the islands and his subjects. Among the latter is an American, who some time previously had been shipwrecked on the coast, and who has so ingratiated himself in the favor of the King that he has been made a prince, and the prime minister. It appears that this favored individual, who rejoices in the euphonious appellation of Chas. Henry Dorchester, is a very naughty, bad man. As bad divined. In some mysterious way, that two young American ladies were on board the steamship, and he sent out the vessel that fired the shell spoken of above with a view to getting them into his power. He persuades the King that the U. S. general is the prime mover in the conspiracy against the throne, and that the young ladies are his accomplices. These three persons are accordingly condemned to death. Dorchester promises to avert their doom provided one of the damsels will become his wife. To save herself and her companion, she reluctantle consents. Dorchester then coolly informs the King that he himself is the leader of a conspiracy that has won over the army and the people, and that he will now take possession of the throne. Just at this juncture there enter Lanthro Commings, another shipwrecked American, whom Dorchester has had in prison, and who has just succeeded in escaping from his dungeon cell. He kills Dorchester in mortal combat, whereupon the king rewards him by solemnizing his marriage with the young lady whom the dead conspirator was to have married. This is no sooner done than the captain of the supposed-to-be-burned steamship comes on, and informs all present that his vessel is all right, and is waiting in the offing to carry back to the States all who wish to go. This announcement caused the people to find vent for their pent-up feelings in a chorus, and when it is finished the prompter rings down. The music of this work is sadly lacking in originality, and, when it does not very palpably suggest music by other composers, consists of hackneyed phrases very loosely strung together. The musical numbers have little or no connection with the story, the characters breaking into song without the slightest provocation or excuse, the aria being generally introduced by "Listen," or "I'll tell you all about it." Why the opera should be called "The Royal Panquet" is a mystery, as there is no relevancy whatever in the title. There is no royal banquet, and the only mention of such a festivity is made very casually by the King, who says he will have one in honor of the marriage ceremony which he performs. The ladies and gentlemen in the cast, and chorus, with a few exceptions, appeared to be novices, and, taking that fact into consideration, may be said to have acquitted themselves fairly. The distribution of parts is appended: King Rulo, James E. Hicker; Sir Charles Henry Dorchester, H. B. Fairchild; Sir Horace Sapolio, B. Fitzpatrick; General U. S. Whiz, M. Figman; Captain Culwinkle, Henry Bateman; Lanthro Cummings, Jos. E. Gordon; Queen Deazo, Miss Rose Figman; Lady Irene, Miss Florence Bindley; Lady Inez, Miss E. Sheridan; King's Pages, Miss Ida Glenn, Miss Katie Shaw, Miss Bessie Starlight, Miss Louise Diebner, Miss Stella Clifton, Miss Etta Bernard, Miss May Bellripple, Miss Maggie Minchin.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL and the Berger Family were heard in concert by a large audience at the Philadelphia Academy of Music Nov. 17.... Remenyi regaled the Quakers with some fiddle-music at the same place 20, aided and abetted by Mrs. Emma C. Thurston, soprano; Sig. E. Rosnati, tenor; Sig. P. Ferranti, buffo-basso; Herr. S. Liebling, pianist; and Adrian Heinze, accompanist.....Emma C. Thursby will lift up her voice in tuneful lay at the same place Dec 15.

"PINAFORE" was given at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, afternoon of Nov. 22, by children. There was a big house. The affair was managed by C. Constantine, and was a success. The children looked very cunning, all being dressed as cats except Deadeye, who was made up for an English pug dog. The cast was: Hon. Sir Joseph Porter as Sir Thomas Cat, Master Willie Du Bois; Captain Corcoran, a very good cat, Master George Fitzgerald; Ralph Rackstraw, a love-sick cat, Master Laurie Schultz; Dick Deadeye, the darling English pug, Master Harry Wagner; Boatswain, a lively kitten, Master Eddie Short; Boatswain's Mate, a sedate cat, Master Eddie Du Bois; Midshipmite, a little daisy kit, Little Eddie; Tom Bowline, an ugly cat, Master Oscar Anderson; Josephine, Captain's darling kitten, Miss Annie Page; Little Buttercup, kitten, Little Miss Willemette; Hebe, kitten, Little Miss Leo; Aunt, a Quaker cat, Miss Sophy Fitzgerald.

Miss BLANCHE DURAND, daughter of W. W. Durand of circus fame, has gone to Europe to complete her musical education. She will remain abroad a year.

THE CECILIANS, under the direction of F. N. Scott, will furnish the vocal music for the postponed Grant reception at Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 9..... A partial reorganization of the Ladies' Cornet Band has been made necessary by the removal of Miss Lavinia Hackley to Jacksonville, Ill., Miss Fanny Mooney to Sacramento, Cal., and the absence of the Misses Norbert at Cincinnati, where they are continuing their musical studies.....The Mendelssohn Quintet Club gave an entertainment at Mannerchor Hall 23, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Weston, vocalist—its second appearance there the present season.

THE CARLOTTI PATTI TROUPE gave a concert at Evansville, Ind., Nov. 17; gross receipts, $2,180; expenses, $1,150; net profits, $1,030, as reported.

THE CLARA REINMAN Concert Company is said to be meeting with good patronage in Indiana.

THE SAVILLE OPERA COMPANY began an engagement in the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Nov. 17, opening in "The Bohemian Girl" to a good house, considering the inclemency of the weather.

THERE WAS no performance at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., on the night of Nov. 17, as preparations were being made for the Grant reception by the Second Regiment, which took place 18, an overflowing and brilliant audience being assembled. Our correspondent says: "The decorations were profuse and tasteful, those of the General's box being provided especially by the Owl Club. On that evening the first performance in this city of Maretzek's opera 'Sleepy Hollow' took place, which remained the bill of the week, no Wednesday matinee being given. The cast was the same as that given it recently in New York, except that Mr. Burnett sang the role of Baltus Van Tassell in place of Mr. Collins, and Miss Annie Shaffer that of Annie Stein instead of Miss West. The company have improved much in their performance, and give an even and smooth presentation. It was handsomely set upon the stage. The attendance averaged fair, the cold weather the last of the week affecting business some. Maretzek's Company remain another week, presenting 'Pinafore' 24..... At McCormick's Hall, 18, Joseffy the pianist gave his farewell concert.....At Hooley's, 16, Farini's Opera Company gave a fairly amateur performance, including one act of 'Martha' and two of 'Il Trovatore.'.....The Patti Company open the new Central Music Hall Dec. 8.....The Chicago Lady Quartet, aided by Miss Eva Meyers and Mme. Schiller, gave a concert 17.....The Apollo Club will dedicate the new Central Music Hall with 'Cinderella.' Mlle. Litta, Miss Emily Wynant and Oscar Stein, are to be the soloists.....The first concert of the season by the Germania Mannerchor occurred at Brand's Hall Nov. 18.....The tenth chamber concert at Reed's Temple of Music took place 17..... The Lorie Musical and Dramatic Club gave their first entertainment of the season 18.....Prof. Taylor's opera of 'Joseph' will be given at the West-end Opera-house, Dec. 3, 4, 5, 6."

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., did a fine business the past week, the Emma Abbott English-opera company being the attraction. They presented "Paul and Virginia," "Bohemian Girl

RATES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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The Military Prodigy,
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opened to the largest business of the season, and himself and drama "Toby" scored such a success that I have booked him to return at an early date on a certainty. Respectfully,
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HARRY AND LEONI.
ANOTHER TREMENDOUS HIT.
READ, READ.
KANSAS CITY, MO., Oct. 25, 1879.
TO MANAGERS: THE DUTCH MENDELS—Harry and Leonie—have just closed one of the most successful engagements of the season at this theatre. Can cheerfully recommend them to any manager requiring their services as being first-class in their business. Yours respectfully, H. D. CLARK, Proprietor Coliseum, Kansas City, Mo. 36-1t*

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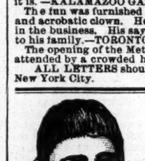
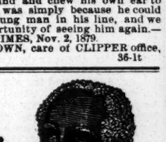
A FEW PRESS NOTICES:
The pantomimic and acrobatic clown with Cole's Circus is Pico. He is a brother of Geo. H. Adams, the famous American Grimaldi, who visited this city last Fall with the Tony Denier "Humpty Dumpty" Party. He comes from a family of gymnasts, and is undoubtedly the best acrobatic clown in the country. His performance has the merit of originality.—ST. LOUIS (MO.) TIMES-JOURNAL, April 25, 1878.
Pico is positively a laugh-creator of superlative merit. Not speaking a word his every action is impregnated with absurd comicality, and bespeaks him a pantomimist who fully conveys the humor he intends, and genuine humor it is.—KALAMAZOO GAZETTE, July 25, 1878.
The clown was furnished by PICO, the great pantomimic and acrobatic clown. He is a son of a clown, and was born in the business. His sayings and doings did no discredit to his family.—TORONTO MAIL, Thursday, Aug. 29, 1878.
The opening of the Metropolitan Circus last evening was attended by a crowded house, even the boxes being completely filled. Among the artists who made their debut was the well-known clown. * * * This Pico is a great boy; he is a refreshing morsel, and with his facial contortions will make anyone laugh. He never opens his mouth except to say "SIR" in place of "Yes."—TRANSLATED FROM THE DIARIA DE LA MARINA, Havana, Cuba, Oct. 31, 1878.
The fun of the Circus to-day was furnished by the most comical of all clowns (Pico). It will astonish many of the audience to know that this funny fellow is only twenty-two years of age. He is simply immense. His antics, acting, rough-and-tumbling performance so pleased the most sedate of the audience. Such pranks as he did will make a horse laugh—that, in fact, never could laugh. That he did not turn around and chew his own ear to make the audience laugh, was simply because he could not. He is a promising young man in this line, and we hope we may have an opportunity of seeing him again.—CHATTANOOGA DAILY TIMES, Nov. 2, 1879.
ALL LETTERS should be addressed "PICO," ENGLISH GROTESQUE CLOWN, care of CLIPPER office, New York City. 36-1t

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HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.—As the curtains arose, one after another disclosing row after row of ebony artists, the remark was passed around the house: "Others can't do it like Haverly." The jokes were nearly all new, and almost every one was a hit. Altogether, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Haverly this season